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STARS
FOR
1967**



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OUR COVER

Our doe-eyed, blonde cover girl is Clarevale Spring Fever Lady, a cocker puppy bred by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Gotch at their kennels at Eastern Creek (between Blacktown and Roost Hill), N.S.W. Lady (shown above in a different mood) is now owned by Mr. Roger Hawke, of Adelaide. Picture by staff photographer Don Cameron.

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Ways to make money at home

WITHOUT leaving home, and in her own time, "Con" could make money by laundering men's clothes, her customers delivering and picking up on an arranged day each week. Articles can be done for a more reasonable rate than charged by laundries. I know a lady who keeps her grandchildren in clothing by this means. An ad in the local paper should bring results.

\$2 to Eileen Whiting, Greenacre, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

YOU say that at 54 you have never earned your living, but as a wife and mother you have a lifetime of experience to back you. I know you may feel tired of domestic work, but being paid for it in someone else's home is an entirely different matter. Mostly it is a beautiful home, with all mod cons. You can arrange hours to suit yourself and employer, and possibly the jobs you prefer. You may not be compatible with your first employer, but you will gain from the experience. So thank her kindly, and try again.

\$2 to "Beryl W" (name supplied), Richlands, Qld.

★ ★ ★

CONTACT local hospitals or convalescent homes. I found that sympathy and understanding, plus a willingness to work, were the most sought-after qualifications. Mothers of families are readily accepted on the staff of many such institutions.

\$2 to Mrs. Alice Gibbings, Wynnum, Qld.

★ ★ ★

WHY not try cutting lunches, etc., in a sandwich shop? The pay is reasonable and the variety of people you meet certainly adds interest to life. Hours are normally 9.30 a.m. to 2.30 p.m., which enables you to do your housework in addition to earning handy money.

\$2 to Miss Henrietta Silvester, Essendon, Vic.

★ ★ ★

TRY relief work for mothers who have to go to hospital and have no one to care for the family. Many would be glad to pay for reliable service. Having reared seven children, you have had plenty of experience in this line. Also, many offices have lady cleaners, who do floors and dusting, etc., after office hours.

\$2 to Miss Hazel Ree, Maryborough, Qld.

★ ★ ★

MANY middle-aged to elderly women find happy employment as "tea lady," taking a tea-wagon around to office staff in a large firm. This is enjoyable, congenial employment. The tea lady is everyone's friend.

\$2 to Miss Doreen O'Brien, Findon, S.A.



LETTER BOX

Chic (and economy) at 82

MY motto, which I always told my children, is "First impressions are everything." The first time people meet you, you are judged. Now that I am a widow of early 82, with a pension my only income, people still say, "How do you always look so nice?" This is how I do it: I buy a linen shift length for a good-looking frock, and run it up myself for \$3. My cheap shopping shifts I make for \$1.25. My winter hats are velvet, which I take to pieces and, using the same shape, remake in silk organza for the summer. Someone may like to use this economy.

\$2 to Mrs. N. Brooks, Beverly Hills, N.S.W.

Drastic surgery

ONE of my neighbors is a nurse whose small son repeatedly puts his finger in my parrot's cage. One morning when I was preparing to go shopping, I heard him cry, and on investigation discovered that the parrot had bitten his finger. I tied it up for him and then said, "Now stop crying and I will take you to the butcher." Graham stopped immediately, strongly protesting, "Get me to the doctor, not the butcher!" I could quite see his point.

\$2 to Mrs. Hilda Sharp, North Perth.

What about the weals?

AS a follow-up to the recent discussion on nettles, this may be of interest: In his late thirties my father suffered from a back complaint, and, acting on the advice of an old bushman, holding bunched nettles in a gloved hand, would thrash his back with them night and morning. In less than a month his backache had quite gone, and never recurred. Whether this was due to the nettle treatment or to the passing of the complaint, I do not know, but to the end of his long life my father gave the credit to the nettles.

\$2 to Mrs. A. Carpenter, Concord, N.S.W.

Postie outdid himself

WHAT must decidedly be a mail delivery record was a Christmas card posted at Lincolnshire in England on November 5 of this year, and received by me at Albion Downs, Western Australia, on November 11. I live 530 miles from Perth, right in the outback, where we have a mail delivery once a week. The card must have had VIP treatment, catching every connecting plane, as well as the mail truck from Leonora, which calls at every station from there to Wiluna.

\$2 to Bunny Laird, Albion Downs, via Leonora, W.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE FAT OF THE LAND

IT is time somebody spoke up for the Fatties.

Never before have they had such a poor outlook as at present.

Fat girls can't get the jobs on the musical stage — though they often sing better than Skinnies.

The fashion world frowns on them. For modelling work, only Skinnies need apply.

Doctors rebuke Fatties of both sexes and sternly order them to stop eating.

Now comes news from America that universities are unwilling to admit fat girls as students.

The university head says: "I'm sorry, Martha. You got a fine pass in the Leaving and you are a whizz

at maths — but your figure's all wrong.

"There is no room for a 39-33-42 at this seat of learning."

How different it was in other days when fat girls were appreciated.

Great artists like Rubens and Renoir absolutely refused to paint Skinnies.

If a thin girl wanted to pose for them, they said: "Go away and eat for six months, then call again."



As recently as my own boyhood — only yesterday — the well-covered actress was admired.

Every Christmas pantomime had a big bouncing girl known as "Principal Boy." A boy was the last thing you would mistake her for.

Personally, I think the cult of the Skinny has gone too far. I have had arguments with my daughters about it.

One of them showed me a picture

• We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.



INDEED IT COULD

• Soviet scientist Igor Zabelin urges Russians to recognise the factor of love in space exploration. Eventually men and women will be sent in spacecraft somewhere for many years, he says, and the coolness which sometimes arises between married couples after five to seven years could cause problems.

He said to her: "My dearest one, we'll roam amid the stars."

She said to him: "How wonderful, perhaps we'll visit Mars."

And off they whooshed by rocket ship. She clung to him with fright.

He cried, "We'll be in orbit soon. Fear not," — and held her tight.

Well, that was many years ago. They spun around in space.

Their first enraptured ecstasy was sunk without a trace.

"I'm bored," he mumbled nastily, "with you, the moon, the stars."

She fired the retro rockets and headed home to Ma's.

— Dorothy Drain

Poetic justice

WHILE reaching for the salt, I knocked my full cup of tea over the brand-new cloth. My husband almost died with laughter. In his hilarity he tipped his chair over backwards and fell on his thumb, breaking it in two places. A deserved fate!

\$2 to Mrs. R. Hankin, West Wollongong, N.S.W.

of a model called Twiggy and said: "Isn't she divine?"

I said: "No. She's too thin."

You should have heard the uproar. I haven't aroused so much indignation since I criticised Jean Shrimpton (for not smiling).

With Twiggy, the slim trend has gone about as far as it can go. Popular taste will probably swing back toward the Fatties.

What can plumpish girls do to hasten the change?

For one thing they should organise and assert themselves.

If America's universities bar fat girls, they should start a university of their own. It could be called Chubby College, or Rubens Academy, or perhaps Embraceable U.

When the bulge boom comes, the health and beauty studios will have to change their tune.

"Add inches to your waistline" — "Our cream puff crash diet never fails" — that sort of thing.

Before-and-after photographs will show Mrs. Marge Dingwattle, who raised her weight from nine to 12 stone in three months.

The treatment will demand no willpower at all. It will be great fun, if only Fatties come into fashion — if only —

Such is life in a
press-button cargo ship

IT'S JUST LIKE LIVING IN A FLAT, SAYS THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE



● Above and left, the captain's cabin in the Swedish cargo ship Killara, with Captain and Mrs. S. Sundner. She says no one can compare with the Swedes for design and color artistry. Below, the ship's intensively automated bridge, which can be left without a watch for 16 hours. Below right, steward Leila Vanska, 21-year-old Finn, who has been at sea three years.

● "This is where we live," said the tall, tanned man, proudly indicating a spacious lounge, artistically furnished in uncluttered teak and vibrant colors. Two modern paintings decorated the walls. The only giveaways that all was not as it should be were the floor, which seemed to be rocking gently underfoot, and the portholes where windows should be.



THE lounge, in fact, was one of the luxurious cabins in the Killara, an 11,000-ton Swedish cargo ship which recently visited Australian ports; and the host was its master, Captain S. Sundner, who has been at sea for 40 years.

"Our quarters are like a small flat," said former Sydneysider Mrs. Sundner, pushing aside folkweave curtains to reveal an elegant bedroom. "We have everything except a kitchen."

"The fittings throughout the ship are teak, and you'll find wonderful colors like these in the officers' cabins and dining saloon. Even the captain's tiny sleeping cabin on the bridge has individual decor."

The ship's maiden voyage from Sweden to Australia is also Mrs. Sundner's first with her husband, and she is enjoying every

By VALERIE CARR

minute of it, filling in the long hours at sea by writing fairytales—"purely for my own pleasure."

Looking at the Killara's luxurious interior decor and graceful bow, it is easy to see why a ship is referred to as "she."

"The term originated in the days of sailing ships," said Captain Sundner. "The rigging and fittings were expensive — just like a woman!"

But the Killara isn't just a "pretty face." She is one of the most modern cargo ships in the world, largely electronically controlled, and fully equipped for the container method of cargo handling as well as conventional methods.

The wonderful design for which Sweden is known can be seen in everything, from



the ultra-modern Cargocaire on the bridge, which controls air and temperature in all the holds — "We can see what's happening to the cargo without going below," said Captain Sundner — to the gleaming steel hotplate which keeps the officers' meals heated while they are on watch.

"She's as easy to handle as a speedboat," Captain Sundner said proudly. "The whole ship can virtually be controlled from the bridge."

A pandemonium of dials and press-

buttons is proof — to the technical mind — that this is no mere boast.

There are two radars, a navigator, and sounding gear. A telephone connects the bridge to all decks.

"In fact, the bridge could be left without a watch for 16 hours at a time," said Captain Sundner.

One lever operates two propellers on the bow, known as "Captain's propellers."

"I can turn her to port or starboard with an easy flick of the lever," said the Cap-



● The 11,000-ton Killara.



Color pictures by staff photographer
Ernie Nutt

tain, "and we need only one tug to bring us into port instead of two. I could bring her in without tugs if necessary."

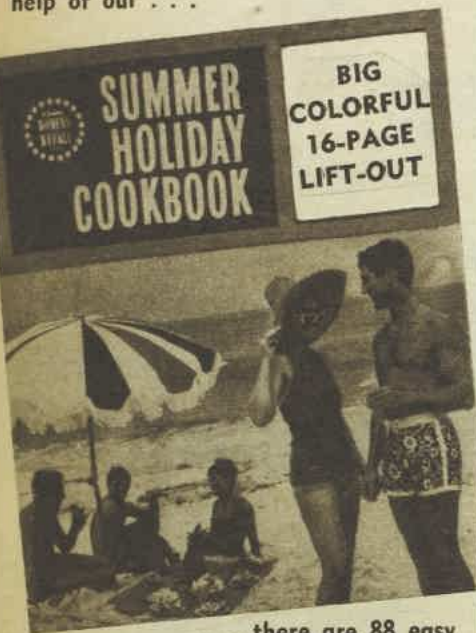
The Killara took nine months to build, and is the first of a fleet of four ships, all with the names of Sydney suburbs. The second, the Waitara, was due in Australia at Christmastime.

"Containerising" of cargoes is a new and big development in international shipping. Cargo is brought to the ship in steel containers, which are unpacked only at their destination.

To lift them, the Killara has seven powerful cranes, each operated by a simple lever. "We call them the 'talking' cranes," said Mrs. Sundner, laughing, "because they turn and go down into the holds and seem to say and do so much."

NEXT WEEK

★ Enjoy your summer holidays! Free yourself from food problems with the help of our . . .



... there are 88 easy recipes for bush and beach picnics, for a brunch and a barbecue, for camping and yachting excursions — with wonderful food to satisfy the keenest appetite!

AND . . .

★ A sneak preview of 1967 handknits — with three glamorous wool fashions for you to make.



★ In color: The gayest night of the year in New York — Truman Capote's masked party (everyone was there).

AND . . .

★ A suspense-filled drama of the contemporary diplomatic world (and underworld), with action at every turn . . . don't miss the first long instalment of our superb new three-part serial:



THE HIGH COMMISSIONER
by
JON CLEARY

WHEN Dr. Vera Krieger retired officially from the Royal Women's Hospital in Melbourne recently on her 65th birthday, they gave her a wonderful party, presented her with a gold clock, and paid tribute to her 40 years of outstanding work. But they didn't say goodbye.

For bright and early the next morning the doctor was back on the job.

Although she had moved out of her old office to make way for the new Chief Serologist in the Pathology Department, she was still very much in evidence at her laboratory bench.

"I couldn't bear to stay home and just do nothing. I asked the hospital if I could keep working in an honorary capacity," said Dr. Krieger, a woman for whom the word "retirement" has no real meaning.

Under an arrangement with an American drug company and Columbia University in New York, she will go on with the research that has earned her an international reputation.

When I called to see her in the big, bright laboratory she flashed a smile, called, "Sorry but I'll have to ask you to wait for ten minutes. Something important has come up," and went back to her slides, test-tubes, and pipettes.

Along the wide benches under the tall windows an array of plastic boxes, jugs, and buckets in gay colors helped to dispel what could have been a formidably clinical atmosphere. Racks of tall glass pipettes caught the sun and sparkled like decorations on a Christmas tree.

Against the pale blue walls, Dr. Krieger and her feminine assistants looked trim and attractive in white coats.

Dr. Krieger popped the lid on a yellow plastic box and handed it to a waiting assistant. Another blood test, perhaps a vital clue to the well-being of a mother or baby or both, was finished.

She told me the well-being of babies and their mothers has been her concern for many years.

"Reducing the maternal and infant mortality rate has always been my main job, and I've seen the figures drop steadily," she said. "Not only because of advances in biochemistry, of course, but also because of ante-natal care."

Her blue eyes softened and a sweet smile lights her face when she tells you she could never have endured

Work among the test-tubes to save mothers and babies



DR. KRIEGER in her laboratory at Royal Women's Hospital, Melbourne.

hospital work but for the certainty that the end result was people.

"A lot of our work is smelly, revolting, and loathsome. Knowing there are live people involved, and that you help to keep them alive, is the only saving grace."

"Only the other day a woman came in to see me with two large, hefty boys, one 15, the other 11. She just felt the impulse to bring them in and show them off."

"Years ago she could not carry a baby through to its full term. We did the biggest series of tests on recurrent abortion in the world, and she was one of the mothers we were able to help."

investigate the problems of the diabetic mother.

"Then, in the early 1940s, the first papers on the Rh blood factor appeared."

"In 1943, we began to test every ante-natal mother for blood group and Rh status — the first fully routine service of the kind in Victoria."

"Our purpose was to save as many babies as possible."

Dr. Krieger has been author or co-author of 57 papers which have appeared in Australian and overseas medical journals. Eight more papers, prepared by people who worked under her in her department, have also appeared.

These papers are vital contact links between re-

"Mother had to be very frugal and there were few new clothes or amusements."

"In the end, I stayed four years at PLC, and had a half-scholarship for the last three."

"When I went to the University my fees were £40 a year, and although my father's position had improved, his wage was £5 a week, so you can see it wasn't easy."

"I treasured my education because I had to go without to get it. There were no grants, and vacation jobs were difficult to find."

"Of course, it is different now — every child thinks of education as his right, and there is help from the Government as well as from private sources."

The doctor now lives in her own home in North Balwyn.

Here, her garden is one of her joys and she spends absorbed hours on the beautiful flower arrangements with which she loves to fill her rooms.

One of the happiest results of her professional work, she says, is the thought that it is helping to break down the apprehensions previously held by Rh mothers: "We feel strongly in the laboratories about exaggerations in regard to the Rh factor and the way these can upset people."

"We took out some figures recently and hope these help to reassure."

"We found that out of 100 Rh negative mothers, 59 only can expect to have Rh positive babies."

"Of these 59 babies, six would have the antibodies in their bloodstreams that cause all the trouble. Some would be so lightly jaundiced they would not need transfusion, but others could be saved by transfusion therapy. Only one would die."

"We are trying to prevent all these six mothers from ever beginning to form antibodies, so they will never have jaundiced babies."

"Within 72 hours of the birth of the baby an injection of gamma globulin is given to destroy any of the baby's cells which may have entered the mother's circulation during delivery."

The past year has seen the beginning of a patient-participation program at the hospital with which Dr. Krieger will continue to be vitally associated. Women have voluntarily taken part in this project, which involves the injection of married Rh negative women with a serum to prevent the destruction of a newborn baby's blood by antibodies produced by the mother.

"It is a little early to make any definite statements about our tests in this field, but so far results have been most encouraging," said Dr. Krieger.

By **BERENICE CRAIG**

Dr. Krieger, who graduated from the Melbourne University as a Bachelor of Science in 1924 and obtained her Master's degree in 1925, her doctorate in 1938, and was made a Fellow of the Royal Australian Chemical Institute in 1949, was the first woman graduate to be appointed to the Royal Women's Hospital.

At first her work had to be done by remote control in the laboratories at the University, until the hospital's Pathology Department opened in 1939.

Since then she has seen the department grow until it had to be split into two sections — Biochemistry and Serology. She has been chief of both.

Serology is the study of blood serum, and Dr. Krieger explained that her specialisation was with problems associated in different blood grouping between patients and donors, and between mothers and their babies.

Her earliest research as a biochemist was concerned with the incidence of toxæmia in pregnancy.

"Kidney trouble was a real bugbear and, of course, mothers died of it," she said.

"Later I went on to in-

search scientists all over the world, a sort of professional series of chain letters by which they give and receive news of progress or setbacks in their own particular field.

It wasn't until Dr. Krieger made her first trip to America, in 1964, to attend the International Congress of Biochemistry in New York, that she met colleagues whose work had been as familiar to her as hers was to them.

Back in her student days, Dr. Krieger set out to become an analytical chemist.

"But I failed a year in Chemistry at university, and my Scottish ancestry made me want to get my money's worth out of the repeat year, so I took physiology as well," she said.

"This gave me an appreciation of working for living people rather than just analysing paint or food."

"The Presbyterian Ladies' College was one of the few schools in those days that taught science, and I was eager to go there."

"Father was a clerk, and his wages were not handsome, so he and my Scottish mother made many sacrifices to give me a year at PLC."



Even men still weep at night in the Welsh mining village

ONLY THE CHILDREN CAN LAUGH AGAIN

By KERRY McGLYNN

SNOW beautifies the coal-tip which killed 144 people at one end of Aberfan.

"BITTER? Am I bitter?" she asked, rubbing eyes red and swollen from a well of tears.

"Oh, yes, I'm bitter, all right — I am very, very bitter.

"I hate this place. This village, this house, this street.

"I hate that tip and I hate everyone who was supposed to be in charge of it.

"I just want to get out of here and take what's left of my family to a place where we don't have to look at a coal-tip."

"Here" is Aberfan, and it was Mrs. Joyce Fudge talking, the mother of one of the 116 children who never came home on that black Friday morning in October when a mountainside of muck leapt on to the primary school.

A few miles away, in Merthyr Tydfil, the most brilliant legal minds Britain can muster are sifting through an avalanche of evidence so that in the end they can tell Mrs. Fudge and the other parents how and why their children died in that revolting tomb of filth.

But the legal primness of a tribunal — the lawyers with their striped pants, their maps and legal documents, the uniformed ushers who frown if you cough, the reporters shuffling to their telephones — all seems unreal when you walk the streets of Aberfan.

They are almost deserted, and it is not the ceaseless rain and biting cold of December in the Welsh valley keeping the villagers indoors.

"Before the disaster I could hear the babble of the women from early morning as I got ready to open the pub," says the landlord of the "local," David Higgs.

"But not any more. They just come out and do their shopping and go straight home.

"It's a ghost village, this. There isn't one of us left untouched by the tragedy."

Talk to Mrs. Fudge or any of the mothers and fathers in this sad and stricken village and it is easy to understand why they

don't go out into the streets any more.

Mrs. Fudge has hardly stopped crying from the moment she heard the mortal rumble of the slag-heap on its way to claim her daughter Daphne, who was eight.

Daphne was a twin and

tries to comfort me. I still cry every night — I think I always will.

"But when I come down in the morning and my eyes are red from crying, she says to me, 'Mummy, you are getting bags under your eyes. You had better get to bed early tonight.'"

"We went without for 16 years to buy that house — my husband went without, my children went without, and so did I," she says.

"We put a big picture window in the back room, trying to make the place look nice.

"Do you know what we

they all tell the same story.

Like her neighbor Mrs. Jean Gough, who lost her son Brian, 9, and her daughter Jillian, 8.

"Our children died once," she says, "but we are dying a thousand times a day just thinking of them lying there in that muck.

8.30 p.m., stays till about 9.30, and goes home.

"He can't leave his wife alone for more than an hour, she is so shattered.

"A lot of the lads who worked out of the village have had to give up their jobs and look for something closer.

"I mean, when you do a day's work you have to give it your full concentration, don't you?

"How can you work properly if your mind is on your wife and kids back at the village, wondering if that tip is going to come down again on top of them?"

Another agonising question mark hanging over this sorrowful village is money, the estimated £2 million sterling that has come pouring in from all over the world.

There have been reports that the fund has caused bitterness and dispute in the village, and there is no doubt that it has led to friction.

The villagers themselves don't really know what should be done with the money, and, if the truth be known, neither do the authorities.

But most of the villagers I spoke to were less concerned with the fund than they were with providing a new temporary school for the children unharm by the tragedy.

These children have been kept together by the four surviving teachers at a local club, not receiving lessons but simply playing together.

"There's a danger of them becoming freaks," explains teacher Howell Williams, 25.

Mr. Williams was one of the heroes. He rescued his class by passing them through a window of the school.

"There was a natural tendency to spoil them after the disaster," he says.

"We are trying to keep them together and keep things as normal as we can for them.

"They are just about over it now, we hope. They forget quickly, thank God, but they are still overawed by it all.

"We don't mention the disaster to them, but we don't try to stop them talking about it if they bring it up."

THE MEN

● "They used to sing in the pubs every Saturday night, and sing beautifully, too — all Welshmen can. But there is no singing any more," said the publican.

THE WOMEN

● "I used to hear the babble of the women from early morning. But not any more. They just come out and do their shopping and then they go straight home."

THE CHILDREN

● "We are trying to keep things normal. They are just about over it now. They forget quickly, thank God, but they are still overawed," said a teacher.

her little sister, Diane, somehow, mercifully, survived the horror.

Mrs. Fudge is not sure whether Diane was lucky or not.

"Do you know how they found her?" she sobs, still hardly able to believe it herself.

"They were clawing at the stuff and they pulled her hair, and she cried out to them, 'Hey, that's me you're pulling at.'"

"It took them more than an hour and a half to get her out and she did not even cry — she spoke to them all the time.

"Once she said, 'You won't go away and leave me, will you?'"

"They got her out, and by then little Daphne was laid out on a stretcher. She had been sitting next to Diane in the classroom.

"When Diane saw her sister she screamed. Someone told her, 'That's a dolly,' and she pretended to accept that.

"She must have known Daphne was dead, but even now the poor child won't accept reality.

"They always used to wash their hair together on Saturdays, the pair of them.

"Even now Diane says to me, 'Mummy, can we wet our hair today?'"

"She doesn't say 'I,' she says 'we.'"

"She knows her sister has gone, but she won't accept it. I am just beginning to realise it myself.

"And, do you know, she

Mrs. Fudge paused, fighting back the tears.

"When I start crying in front of Diane like this she gives me a kiss and tells me that I must have a cold in the eye and says I should go and see a doctor about it.

"Oh, yes, I'm bitter. Aberfan is always going to be bitter for me.

"I wouldn't care if they rebuilt the village with gold-plated houses, it would always have bitter memories for me."

Mrs. Fudge lives in Moy Road, in the shadow of the killer coal-tip.

can see from that picture window? We have the most wonderful view of that vile tip.

"I want to get out of that house, I want to get out of Aberfan away from it.

"We can't sleep at nights. My husband and I have hardly slept since it happened.

"We take it in turns to stay awake so that one of us can watch and listen to see if it is coming down again."

Mrs. Fudge is just one of the grieving mothers of the village of Aberfan, but

"We'll never get over that.

"They are talking of building a garden of remembrance in Aberfan. We don't need anything to remind us."

But the tragedy has hit the men of Aberfan just as hard as it has hit their women.

A lot of them cry at night, too, and they are just as bitter.

They still go to the local pub, play darts, talk about the tribunal or Rugby, and try to make life as normal as it can be in a village shrouded by death.

Before it happened they used to sing in the pubs every Saturday night, and sing beautifully, too.

All Welshmen can — it seems to be a birthright. But they don't sing in Aberfan any more.

"They used to take the roof off, and these lads could hold their own with any pub in Wales," says Mr. Higgs, of the Aberfan Hotel.

"But there is no singing any more.

"At any time of the day or night I can point out nearly every lad in this pub who lost someone."

Mr. Higgs, a kindly man with greying eyes, looked at a customer drinking stout and staring into space.

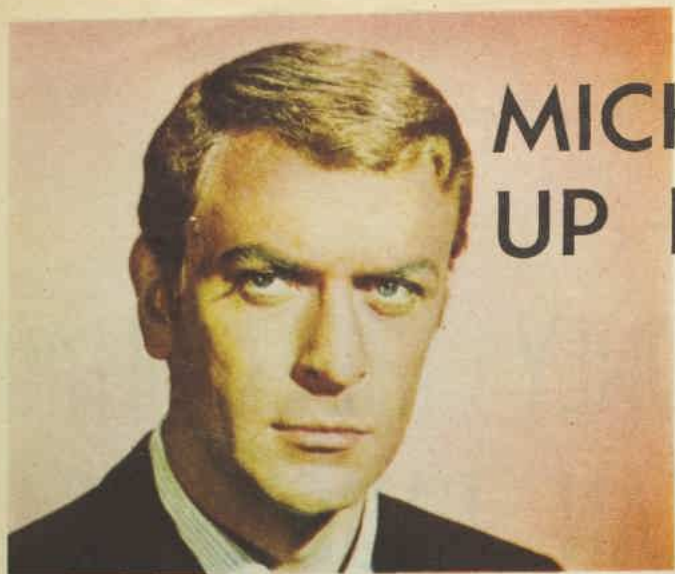
"You see Ed over there? He lost one," he said.

"He used to come in of a night and not leave till closing time if he had had a hard day.

"Now he comes in about



SURVIVORS. Mr. and Mrs. Gough (who lost a son and daughter) with their surviving children, Ian and Anne, and their neighbors Mrs. Fudge and her daughter Diane (who lost her twin sister).



MICHAEL CAINE COMES UP IN THE WORLD

Mother helped him through early days with life savings from scrubbing floors

● Michael Caine — "a bit nutty but nice."



● With Shirley MacLaine (as Nicole Chang) in "Gambit," a comedy suspense thriller. This film represents Caine's Hollywood debut.



● With his mother, Mrs. Marie Mickelwaite. She used to char-



● The cockney Casanova of "Alfie" clowns with girls from the film — Vivien Merchant, Jane Asher, Julia Foster, and Shelley Winters.

THERE are two of Michael Caine. One wears glasses and plays Harry Palmer, the soft-spoken British spy who cooks an excellent omelet — and is quite unlike James Bond — in "The Ipcress File" and "Funeral in Berlin." The other does not wear glasses, gets the choicest of roles in one movie after another, and the loveliest of critical raves.

Both Michael Caines add up to the fastest-rising movie star of today, and because he has kept himself strenuously busy during the past couple of years his name leads the credits of half a dozen films.

"I never started out to be any sort of film star," he said in a recent conversation in London. "I just wanted to become the best actor I could."

"I had made only one film, 'Zulu,' and then suddenly, with 'Ipcress File,' I realised that the power that comes with being a star would give me freedom to do the kind of acting I wanted to do — so that I would no longer be in the position of a victim, an actor who has to accept rubbish in order to pay his rent. I'd been a victim and I didn't intend to be one again."

"When offers began piling in, I thought: 'If I work fast

enough, pack enough pictures in, I'll be a star before anyone realises I'm not star material.' So I did five more films one after the other in less than 20 months — 'Alfie,' 'The Wrong Box,' 'Gambit,' 'Funeral in Berlin,' and 'Hurry Sundown.'"

But it took no longer than the release of "Alfie," in which he played a cocky cockney Casanova, to raise Caine out of the victim class — his price per picture skyrocketed to more than \$250,000 plus percentages.

"The money is very important to me," he said. "I spent too long without it. I come from very poor people."

"I don't mean I was starving. My father — he's passed on — was a porter in the Billingsgate fish market in London, and my mother was a charwoman, cleaning offices."

"I was always well fed, well clothed, and looked after beautifully. But for more than ten years, while I was having a go at repertory in and out of London, I had little work and less money."

"One time I had a contract to do a movie in six weeks and it stretched to 18 weeks. I didn't want to take a job in between, so my mother gave me her entire life savings from scrubbing floors — £300 — to tide me over."

"Now here I am at the age of 33 and I've made only seven pictures and I have enough money to live on until I'm 75. That's what I call security."

Michael tells the genuine story of his beginnings better than anyone else, including publicity people.

"I was born," he said, "on March 14, 1933, in the Elephant and Castle district of London, the very heart of cockneyland. We lived in the Old Kent Road."

"I went to grammar school until I was 16, and also joined a youth club which featured a theatre for young lads such as myself. I got it into my mind that I wanted to be a movie director."

"I did get a job as messenger in a film studio, but I couldn't get any further because there was a slump in the industry and the union wouldn't give me a work ticket. I was a laborer until the age of 18, when I went into the Army."

"I served in the Queen's Royal Regiment in Germany, and then went to Korea for a year as an infantryman."

Back in London, he became, of all things, a butter mixer.

"You must remember that the rationing system lasted for a long time in England after the war," he explained. "I found one of those dead-end jobs in the Smithfield market, working for a firm that made butter."

"Because of the rationing it was not allowable to sell various grades and qualities of butter. It all had to be something called 'national butter,' to make sure that everybody got the same. I was the fellow who used to mix it."

"What happened was this: The butter came from Australia, from New Zealand, from Holland, and other countries in big tubs. All this butter had to be mixed together — two of Australian to one of New Zealand, to one of Holland, and so forth. My job, since I was young and strong, was to smash the tubs, pick up these huge lumps of butter, and sling 'em in the mixing vat."

"The fellow next to me was a very small, weak old man who couldn't lift the barrels, so instead was given the job of picking the paper off the lumps before they went into the vat."

"He got even less money because I was more skilled, you see. But though this was a dead-end sort of job it turned out to be very important, because I used to talk with the old man while we worked."

"He turned out to have a daughter who was a semi-professional singer, a typist by day but a soprano by night who sang about nymphs and shepherds. Thus he was acquainted with the performing business. He told me there was a paper that advertised for actors and said it was called 'The Stage.'"

"Well, actually 'The Stage' did and does exist, and to prove it to me he brought me a copy, and, behold, it did have adverts, not for actors, but for assistant stage managers and fellows willing to do menial tasks in return for a bit part now and then."

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SAMPLES (above and below) from Trent Nathan's "English Charlies" winter collection, which will be made under licence by one of the biggest companies in the U.S. garment trade.



London has gimmicked itself to death; Paris reigns with the underplayed look, says fashion designer Trent Nathan, returned from a smash hit in New York.

"IT'S very easy to say it now, I suppose," said Trent Nathan, "but I always thought Australian designers could make it on the international scene."

The 26-year-old Sydney designer returned recently from New York, where a leading fashion corporation will manufacture, under licence, his entire collection for a massive U.S. market.

Still a little dazed, Trent was back in his Sydney showrooms after seven weeks overseas — with plans for a frantic New Year.

With his winter samples already in the U.S.A., he had to design a new summer collection and have the 35 sample garments in New York by January 10 for American showings. The

good gear, and my mother, who was a partner in a small dress factory, used to make up sports coats and shirts I designed," he said.

"I remember going to the Davis Cup one year in grey flannels and a grey corduroy coat she'd made me."

When he left school at 17 he wanted to do something in fashion but didn't know where to start. So he got a job as a trainee executive with a Sydney department store where he "drove everyone mad for the next four years."

He explained, "I must have worked in 25 departments between daily visits to the management, pestering them to let me buy."

"They gave me my first chance at 21—in the bargain basement. I resigned two days later."

Finally he became a



TRENT NATHAN, 26-year-old Sydney designer. A New York manufacturing company expects to make about 50,000 of his garments a year.

From local success to big time

first is with the famous fashion store Saks Fifth Avenue.

The fact that he had a little over three weeks — including the Christmas rush and at least two days' delivery by air—didn't worry him.

"Two days before the last Australian Wool Awards, we had a robbery, and eight of my ten entries were stolen," he said. "There was no time to panic. We just made them all over again." (And incidentally won eight awards, including the Supreme Australian Fashion Award.)

"I've had to work, really work," he said. "In the past five years I've worked six, often seven days a week — and lost most of my friends into the bargain."

"There are a lot of knock-backs and struggle in this game, but I knew there was a chance I'd make it one day."

The fact that he has makes little difference.

"I have to work harder than I ever did. Financially, I still have nothing — everything goes back into the business," said Trent, who lives in a small but comfortable home with his mother at Turramurra, drives a modest car, and would rather go to a barbecue than nightclubs and discotheques.

Shrugging off schooldays at Ashfield High with "I wasn't very bright — all I ever did was play tennis and swim," Trent said he was always interested in fashion. "You couldn't buy any

traveller for his mother's firm on condition that they make up at least a couple of his designs and give him a chance to buy them out if he was a success.

He was.

With one sample — a black - and - white blouson-style jersey dress — he took his first order for 250, and later managed to clear the factory of hundreds of yards of accumulated material just repeating the style.

Four years ago he took over the factory.

Lost thousands

"With little overhead and a small quick turnover, everything was going well," he said. "But as the orders started to snowball the trouble started."

"I took thousands of orders that I couldn't possibly turn out."

"It was like a nightmare. I was ordering more and more fabric — with no time to produce it. I lost thousands of pounds' worth of orders through not being organised. I wasn't ready."

So Trent Nathan hired a large factory at Strathfield and took on a staff of 20, including an accountant.

"It took four full and exhausting months, but a year ago we were ready to go, and we've never looked back."

Apart from his own factory (with a staff of 70), he has a separate design section, four other factories that make up his garments, showrooms in Sydney and Mel-

bourne, representatives in all other States, and his designs are made under licence in New Zealand.

"Organisation has made it all possible," he said. "Having the right people in the right jobs makes a team that can really go places."

While he usually starts off the thought of every new garment — the mood and the color — two other designers take over the line and finish.

"We think alike. We know our look and stick to it," he said.

This look is simple and classic, with color and fabric supplying the interest.

"It's not mod — I hate mod gear," he said. "Three years ago it was different, refreshing, but now it's finished. Gimmicks are gone. That's where London misses out."

On his recent trip, he was bitterly disappointed in the London fashion scene.

"They're still mod — they haven't moved on. Carnaby Street was a gimmick, and a good one — but now it's just a tourist marketplace. Like having rows of shops selling boomerangs and kangaroos."

But Paris impressed him. "It's classy, sophisticated, with no age limit — just a well-groomed, well-dressed look that's international."

"Audrey Hepburn has it. And then there's the Baroness Thyssen, Charlotte Ford, Jackie Kennedy . . . they're all so with the current image."

This look is fresh and natural, with little or no

make-up ("and that includes eyes"). Hair ("just washed, brushed, and fly-away") is long and often tied at the nape of the neck with a chiffon knot.

Fashions are superbly cut "little nothing" dresses. Bags are small, like tiny suitcases, and shiny patent shoes (lime-green, lavender, and bright pink) tone with colored pastel stockings.

Tiny real-pearl earrings are the only jewellery, while hats are worn only with jeans and trouser suits.

"It's a refreshing, lovely look and Australian women can be part of it," said Trent. "The secret is to stop trying so hard; to relax and make the most of nature's gifts."

In New York, he said, while "the woman in the street" was still in pointed-toe high-heeled shoes and too-big handbags, well-dressed women were right with Paris.

"They looked fabulous — even the 40- and 50-year-olds."

Big break

Trent was in New York to meet the head of an American company which had already planned to produce a few of his coats to "see how they'd go on the American market."

"I thought it might lead to something bigger in a year or so," he said, "but didn't know it would lead to the biggest break I could have ever had — and just the next day."

The manufacturer had arranged for Trent to take his coat sketches to show to magazines, including "Mademoiselle," where the fashion editor was so impressed she insisted on seeing all his other designs.

"It all happened so quickly," he said.

"Suddenly she was on the phone and had arranged for me to see Andrew Arkin, who turned out to be the head of one of the biggest U.S. manufacturing companies."

The company, with a \$2 billion annual turnover, makes under licence for two top French designers and one English designer and was looking for a fourth.

When Andrew Arkin (more than an hour late for their appointment) opened Trent's sketchbook, he stopped, picked up the phone, called his father and sister to the office, and announced, "They're fabulous!"

Trent had made it.

"He told me to get the sample range over right away — it didn't worry him that it was 1 a.m. in Australia — and we started negotiations there and then."

"It's hard to describe Andrew Arkin's fashion empire, but he did mention they often produce 10,000 garments of the one style and that they expect to sell about 50,000 garments a year under my label."

Trent was obviously bewildered. "It's incredible, isn't it?"

— KERRY YATES



10 minutes and you're in Rome

New Maggi Spaghetti Bolognese. Spaghetti topped with beefy bolognese sauce, blended in the traditional Italian manner. Maggi chefs have done all the hard work for you — chopped the lean prime beef, added the tomato, the herbs and spices. All *you* do is cook for ten minutes. You can of course add a personal touch — a little black pepper and a dash of red wine to the sauce before you serve it up.

New **MAGGI**
Spaghetti Bolognese



A COMPACT

TOOK FESTIVE FARE TO VIETNAM

WHEN young accountant Richard Papworth flew to South Vietnam recently to become administrative assistant to the Melbourne medical team there, he took reminders of the festive season "down under."

Packed carefully in his suitcases were two big Christmas cakes—one baked by his mother, the other in the kitchen at Prince Henry's Hospital, Melbourne—and four bottles of champagne.

"Now they'll be really glad to see me," said 24-year-old Richard with a wide grin.

His job at the Long Xuyen hospital, in the farming province of Angiang (100 miles west of Saigon), will be to relieve the doctors and nursing sisters of paper work, handle financial matters, order food supplies, and generally free them of routine chores.

"This kind of thing has taken up a lot of their time, when they could have been attending to patients," he said.

Richard, a bachelor, has been assistant accountant at Prince Henry's Hospital, whose medical team of five doctors, five sisters, a radiographer, and a laboratory technician flew to South Vietnam in mid-October.

When he heard that an administrative assistant was needed there, he volunteered at once.

"I like to work with people

who are really keen about what they're doing," he said. "And, as everyone in the medical team is a volunteer, they MUST be keen."

"That's why I'm so happy about going to Vietnam."

A year ago, Richard was planning to become a lay missionary in New Guinea. But his plans fell through at the last minute, and now, in view of his appointment to Vietnam, he says: "I don't think I was meant to go to New Guinea."

During his 12 months' term he will live with the team in a two-storey French villa, a quarter of a mile from the hospital.

"I'm told Long Xuyen is a pretty town, one of the largest in the Mekong Delta area—and one of the safest."

Richard said "his" team was the fourth in Vietnam from Melbourne.

Previous teams sent there were from the Royal Melbourne Hospital, St. Vincent's, and the Alfred Hospital.

Richard, who lives at Black Rock, is one of four boys in his family. Michael, 28, is a physicist at the Peter McCallum clinic; Gregory, 22, is a third-year medical student; and Christopher, 19, is a student priest.

Just to keep up the medical link, his father, Mr. Michael Papworth, is bank manager at the Prince Henry's Hospital branch.

Vice-regal present 'a piece of cake'

■ "Well," said Mrs. James Clarke, of Essendon, Vic., "I thought to myself: I give a present to the dustman and postie at Christmas—why not the Governor? He seems such a nice man, giving so much time to meet people."

"I decided I'd make him a present—a Christmas cake. I've never met him, but I felt he's no different from us and would enjoy a good fruit cake."

So Mrs. Clarke slid a

12lb., six-sided fruit cake into her oven for the Governor of Victoria, Sir Rohan Delacombe. The rich plum cake mixture was used by her mother — "I thought the plum cake would remind him of home, so would the roses and lily of the valley I made for the icing."

We had called Mrs. Clarke away from adding the final decorations (briar roses) to the cake — and she said she was too shy to deliver it to Government House.

But a few hours later, when the Governor issued an invitation for her to present the cake personally, Mrs. Clarke accepted with a fluttered "yes."

"It's the first Christmas cake the Governor has had baked privately for him, as far as I know," said his private secretary, Brigadier M. V. Fletcher.

Sir Rohan wasn't the only lucky one to benefit from Mrs. Clarke's Christmas spirit. She also made 12 Christmas cakes to give to relatives and friends and to "some dear old ladies who haven't anyone to care for them."



★ Richard Papworth

LOOK AT Christmas



MELODY WON'T LINGER ON



★ Martin Orrick

● Last month a discotheque, intriguingly christened the Rave-and-all, was born. Nothing out of the ordinary about that — except that a group of students have sunk all their savings into it "just for fun," and intend closing it after a brief life of one month.

"There's not much to do in Terrigal, N.S.W., over the Christmas holiday except to go to hotels," said 20-year-old Newcastle University student Martin Orrick. "So we decided to open a discotheque there just for fun."

Martin has no plans for making a profit. "We just hope to come out even."

He describes the Rave-and-all as being "more than In!" He said: "We've all the latest stuff — blue lighting, op art, and abstract decor, big Mexican paper flowers, and five hostesses all in tops with cut-out backs, and long floral culottes. The three dancers also wear kinky, casual gear."

When the band, a Newcastle quartet called "The Gents," stops playing, the latest rhythm and blues records take over.

For the backdrops Martin used 90in.-wide calico, on

which he and another young man painted anything from op art to Union Jacks.

"We used housepaints — in fact, everything all mixed up," Martin said. "It didn't matter, really, so long as we achieved the right effects."

"Aluminium foil, which we bought at a grocer's, was perfect for covering the counter where we serve soft drinks."

According to Martin, their artistic talents do not end at creating a discotheque. On show at the Rave-and-all is a range of accessories, including cuff-links, crocheted ties and belts, earrings, and brooches designed and made by Martin and his sister, Linda, 18, who is taking a fashion course at a technical college.

Martin has no future plans for pursuing his flair for design. "I want to be a geography teacher, because I love travel," he said.



Catchy sign on the window of a Sydney shop selling Christmas decorations: "There's no yule like an old yule!"

MICHAEL CAINE'S SUCCESS

● Continued from page 6

I answered one of these adverts, got the job because I was a big fellow and very fit for hauling scenery around, and found myself in repertory.

"I remained in that line of work for three and a half years."

While touring in repertory, Michael Caine fell madly in love with a leading lady, married her, and had a daughter by her; but because their careers kept them separated widely and often, the marriage eventually fell apart. "She's a very nice woman," he says now of his former wife. "I like her a lot."

He had decided that he must go back to London to make his fortune. "There I spent six and a half years thinking I was never going to make it."

"I mingled temporary laboring work with small parts in the theatre and I did over a hundred television plays in all, and, finally, after I'd been an actor for ten years, I got a screen test for the film called 'Zulu.'"

"I got the part, and Harry Saltzman saw me in it and signed me to 'Ipcress File,'

and from then on it's been all right. That's roughly the life story."

Harry Saltzman was the producer, with Cubby Broccoli, of the fabulously successful James Bond series. Saltzman wanted to make a different kind of spy film, broke temporarily with Broccoli to make "The Ipcress File" on his own, and, incidentally, was responsible for the rise of Michael Caine.

He signed Caine up to make ten pictures over a period of five years.

The starting salary was \$U.S.3000 a week—"except," says Caine, "that when a demand grew for my services Harry Saltzman would always tear up the old contract and write a new one."

"He just wanted to feel assured that I would continue to play Harry Palmer the spy, since five of those pictures are scheduled in all."

Harry Palmer wears glasses, Michael says, "because behind them he plays a kind of sardonic hide-and-seek with you all the time, and it results in a rather vague character who keeps

coming out and sticking pins in you, which is very good for a spy."

"You know, if you play a spy realistically it's hard to become a movie star. This is because a spy is supposed to disappear in a crowd."

"Those glasses become identified with Harry Palmer, don't you see? Then when I take them off for the other movies I can be anything else I want to be."

"I'd like to have a very large family, and keep them in a manner to which I was entirely unaccustomed"

The Michael Caine you meet when he is not on a movie set does wear glasses, is blondish, tall and lean, offhand, quick at assessing just who you might be, relaxed, and happy to be a star.

"Before I make another picture," he said, "I'm going back to London for four months' holiday. I haven't been home for a long time. The awful thing is I don't know the city I'm going back to, and, even

worse, I don't know the man who's going back because I'm very different now from when I left."

"I'm more secure, more confident, easier to be around — but also a little more powerful. Being a movie star is like having a loaded revolver."

"You must remember that England's a very class-conscious country and I come from the class called

ward to most at home is seeing my daughter, Dominique, who is nine."

"These days there are a lot of stories in the papers about me with girls, half of whom I've never met. It makes my daughter very jealous," he smiled. "At this point in my life I don't think in terms of women but 'a woman.'"

"When she'll come along I don't know, but when it

with great passion what is wrong with the things you love, including women. But today London is a marvellous place, and it was changed deliberately by people like myself — people in the theatre, creative people. There's a sense of eccentricity in London, a harmless madness."

"Outside of films I see myself as a bit nutty, but nice . . . and kind. You can ask my mother."

"Now there's a delightful old girl." (He always calls his mother "the old girl.") "I got her to give up work at 63, settled an allowance on her three years ago. She spends her time between being bewildered and being cool about what's been happening to me."

"When I'm there she acts as if nothing happened, but she has a key to my place and my housekeeper tells me she sneaks out pictures of me for her friends."

"She expects it all to stop. She puts most of the money I give her in the bank. When I ask why she doesn't spend it, she says, 'If you ever go broke, you can have it back.'"

Sails now set for Hobart

● Some of the competing yachts now heading southwards in the Sydney-Hobart yacht race are seen here tied up at the Cruising Yacht Club's marina a few days before the start. Entrants include yachts from America, New Zealand, and Australia. The smallest is the 29ft. sloop *Zilvergeest*, the largest, the American *Nam Sang*, a 66ft. cutter.

—Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow



● Sydney entrant in the Sydney-Hobart classic, the 41ft. sloop *Salacia* (above) on the slips at the Cruising Yacht Club. Bill Bold adjusts propeller.

● Sydney's 50ft. steel-hulled sloop *Bacchus D* (right), one favorite in the race, which has entrants from America, New Zealand, and Australia.



● Les Gabriel (above), skipper-owner of *Carousel T*, the Tasmanian 35ft. sloop, with crew members Geoff Goolan and Alan Widdowson stowing sails handed to them by Mel Jones.

● American skipper-owner of the 31ft. sloop *Waitere*, Downie Muir, aged 25, far right, with crew member Tom Waters, of Los Gatos, California. Downie took part in the race last year.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 4, 1967



● Graceful 66ft. cutter Nam Sang (above). Considered one of the fastest yachts in the world when running before the wind, it was built in 1934.

● Retired U.S. businessman John Thompson (left), owner of the Nam Sang, says, "The Japanese insist the name is a Buddhist blessing, the Chinese claim that it means something else."

● Sharron ("Sammy") Milbert (right), 21, of California, Nam Sang's cook. This is her "first rugged race," but she is confident of providing meals in "all weather."



● Carina (left), 40ft. New Zealand ketch, receiving a last-minute coat of paint from skipper-owner Bob Holford, seen here with crew member Gray McKenzie.

● Five of the crew of Fidelis, the New Zealand 61ft. sloop. From left, John McCormick, Mark Williams, Edward Borrie, Trevor Perry, Colin Pugh.





● Sergeant Adelle Fricker, with colleagues in the Ryan-Walker arrest (from left), Det.-Snr. Const. R. K. Macdonald, Det.-Sgt. C. W. Butler, Det.-Snr. Const. B. J. Whelan, Dt.-Sgt. M. J. Wild. "We're all on the team," she says. "Comradeship is the best part of the job."

Sergeant Fricker sees her British Empire Medal as tribute to all policewomen

The brave 'do-gooder'

THE photographer was young, with a camera nearly as big as himself.

He came wandering into the airy room marked "Women Police" very late on the Tuesday afternoon.

"I'm looking," he said, "for Sergeant Fricker."

"I'm Sergeant Fricker," said a fair-haired young woman in an elegant white suit. "What can I do for you?"

"I'm here," the photographer told her, "to take your picture."

"Well, that's very nice of you," said Dell Fricker. "But what for?"

"You've just won a medal," said the photographer. "Didn't you know?"

Which is how Sergeant Third-Class Adelle Fricker, of the 70-strong New South Wales Women Police, first heard about her award of a British Empire Medal (Civil Division). Pretty soon, it seemed, everyone had heard about it.

From all over Australia, telegrams of congratulations came pouring in from the nighty and from Dell's colleagues in the force, mainly male.

Photographers and TV cameramen bore down from all directions.

Dell loved every minute of it, but mainly because she

saw her award as a tribute to all the women police, and to the gallant band of 50-odd men and five women who, on a January night in 1966, brought off one of the most remarkable captures in police history.

The coup, planned and executed against the clock, trapped two desperate jail escapees from Victoria, Ronald Ryan and Peter Walker, then at large for 17 days and already wanted for the murder of two men.

As all Australia knows, Dell Fricker, with a pretty girl known only as Miss X, waited in a highly vulnerable position outside Concord Repatriation Hospital as bait for the immense police trap.

Only hours before, Ryan had rung Miss X (with whose family he had formerly boarded under an assumed name) asking her to arrange a double-date for himself and a friend.

Though she knew perfectly well by now who Ryan was, Miss X had kept her head, arranged a rendezvous at the hospital gates for 9 p.m., had hung up, and immediately contacted the police.

Late that day, Dell Fricker got back from a job in the Blue Mountains to be told by Miss Weaver (Sergeant First-Class Joan Weaver, head of the Women Police) that there was a job on, that she'd have to work back...

So a short while later she

stood in the smoke-filled Muster Room at the Police Training Centre while the operation, planned against the clock, got under way.

Chief of the CIB, Superintendent A. E. Windsor, paused briefly by Dell.

"You understand," he asked very quietly, "what's expected of you tonight?"

Dell nodded. There were strange flutterings in her stomach, which she managed to ignore.

The Chief spelled it out. "If there's any shooting, you're to get between it and

course, so highly was the capture organised there was no shooting.

"And Miss X was absolutely wonderful. She's the bravest girl I ever knew and one of the most intelligent. In fact, I remember telling her, while we stood in the street waiting for our 'dates' to turn up, that she should join the Women Police—she was perfectly fitted for it."

"Miss X just laughed and said she was having enough excitement that night to last her the rest of her life!"

Dell Fricker came into the force by way of a much

deprecating laugh. "We're not detectives, not hunters. We're dedicated to the proposition that prevention is better than cure."

When the young teacher read a magazine story about New South Wales' women police, this, it seemed, was it.

There was a long waiting list, but Dell was undismayed. Her educational standard helped a lot. Dell Fricker was in.

Her first case was an abandoned-baby case; her role in it was very minor. "But," she said, "I had to get up in court and give evidence. Half a page of evidence — and it took me two weeks to learn it! I've never been so nervous in my life."

That was 17 years ago. Today, Dell is a singularly articulate and organised woman who radiates warmth.

"A lot of our work is among juvenile delinquents," she said. "We encourage them to come and talk to us, to let us be friends. Our job isn't to catch them, it's to help them."

"We also work, of course, with women. When a woman is arrested on a charge of murder, it helps to have another woman around."

"We're also used as decoys, as five of us were that night. But it's policy not to talk about that. We don't want to destroy our own usefulness."

"We patrol in our own patrol-car wherever young people gather — and might get into trouble."

"Make arrests? Yes, of course, we're empowered to do that. A couple of our girls have arrested men much bigger than themselves and got them safely into the charge-room."

"The women get exactly the same pay and conditions as the men, and all work smoothly together. There isn't even a whisper of sex prejudice."

I slipped in a quick question about marriage. Dell laughed. "Of course I'd like to get married," she said. "I'm a woman, aren't I? I'd certainly marry if I met the right man."

"Getting back," she said firmly, "to the women police."

"Quite a few of the girls lecture to schools on road safety or do traffic duty."

"There's still an enormous waiting list, but if you want to join, you must be 19 and at least 5ft. 6in. tall."

"Minimum educational requirement is the Intermediate — or its equivalent — but the better your education the more chance you have of getting to the top of that list."

I suggested, "You also need a spirit of adventure, don't you, and courage?"

"I wouldn't know about that," said Sergeant Third-class Adelle Fricker, B.E.M.

By KAY KEAVNEY

Miss X. Get in front of her and see she runs for safety. Miss X must be protected at all costs."

Dell told me, remembering that night in every detail, "I fully expected to be shot, round the legs at the very least, Ryan and Walker were well armed, desperate, and had nothing to lose."

"Criminals are usually, as it were, Sunday marksmen. Unlike our men, they aren't proficient with a gun, made proficient by constant practice."

"I expected pretty random shooting from Ryan and Walker if they got to their guns. I knew anything could happen."

"As it turned out, of

gentler occupation—kindergarten teaching.

She was born in Glenelg, South Australia, only child of an engineer. Her family has no police background.

When she was ten, the Frickers moved to New South Wales. ("All three of us, or four if you count the cat.")

She enjoyed kindergarten teaching very much indeed, but she wanted a job which brought her in touch with more people, challenged her to tackle all kinds of situations. She also, though she speaks of this with some embarrassment, wanted to serve, to be of use.

"In a way, we women police are a bunch of do-gooders," she says with a



SISTERS Miss Susan Travers, Miss Tina Travers, and Miss Philippa Travers (left to right) with Mr. David Marr in the garden at Government House, where guests strolled between dances. A floodlit fountain played during the evening.



BROTHERS Mr. Anthony Cutler (left) and Mr. David Cutler with Miss Catherine Armstrong (second from left) and Miss Elspeth Hulme-Moir at the dance which was the first held at Government House for more than ten years. There were more than 110 guests present.

PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE

Colored lights illuminated the gardens and lawns at Government House for the dance which the Governor, Sir Roden Cutler, and Lady Cutler gave for their own friends and those of their two elder sons, David and Anthony.

AT RIGHT: One of the prettiest gowns was worn by Miss Sallyanne Mackay, who was photographed with Mr. Michael Howitt.



AT RIGHT: Lieutenant Clive Longstaff, RANR, ADC, chatted with Miss Sancha Borill on the terrace outside the ballroom. Supper was served at small tables on the veranda.



AT LEFT: Foursome Miss Sally Hardcastle, Mr. Peter Graham, Miss Noni Peoples, and Mr. Norman Johnson (left to right) in the entrance hall at Government House when they arrived for the dance.

AT RIGHT: Miss Margaret Coburn, Mr. Rory Yuille, and Miss Annabel Marr (left to right) photographed beneath a painting of Miss Coburn's grandfather, former Governor the late Sir John Northcott. Miss Coburn lived at Government House as a child when Sir John was in residence.



YOUR STARS FOR 1967

● **NEXT WEEK:**
YOUR STARS FOR 1968
(Waldner's long-term forecast)

● GENERAL FORECAST FOR THE YEAR

MARS is the planet whose influence will predominate from early March until the end of the year. Mars stands for battle, passion, and strong will, and its influence will bring about renewal, reorganisation, and definite balancing out, at times in a rather revolutionary way.

It will, therefore, be a year of diplomatic supremacy at high-level meetings. Solutions will be found and agreements drawn up.

The Far East, Africa, and Central America are likely to see some rioting, but these will be local events of short duration.

World developments will come in quick succession, sometimes accompanied by difficulties and clashes.

Although events may, at times, make people hold their breath in fear, and in spite of disquieting news and sensational discoveries, there will be nothing to get alarmed about. Once negotiations seem to have reached an impasse and collision appears unavoidable, the parties will reconsider matters and eventually reach an acceptable conclusion in most instances.

Formative forces will be at work and the trend is against accepted conventions, traditions, and strict rules and regulations. This may, of course, nurture exaggerated nationalism, revolutions, menaces of warlike action and reprisals, and public opinion will continuously have to grapple with such problems. But solutions will always be found.

In an outbreak of unexpected passions there will be ideological clashes between parties, new leaders emerging and others coming to a tragic end, with serious repercussions on their government and country.

Yet 1967 will go a long way toward re-establishing a more balanced world, for the Martian cycle will contain a healthy, sanity-restoring element.

Vast industrial transformation, revolutionising old and established conceptions, will also play an important part and the imprint on civilisation will be deep. Results will be mainly felt in the fields of inven-

tion, surgery and general medicine, transport, construction, and space research.

Nature herself will be drawn into the sphere of Martian influence. There will be earthquakes and disasters like flooding and violent storms, especially during the months of the eclipse, and at the times of sun eclipses there may be news about unexpected deaths, often in connection with personalities of worldwide fame.

Mars will also influence the actions of individuals toward arrogance and even violence.

People will be impatient and likely to follow their moods and impulses. Their behaviour will be less mature, but this also means a certain renaissance and youthful force. Mars will bring out the natural instincts.

Minor collisions in everyday life will occur, but commonsense will tend to clarify matters quickly and acceptably.

Many people will also feel inclined to take on problems of apparent injustice in the family circle, at work with friends, and regarding loved ones.

On the other hand, there will be a special effort to improve social and financial position, and this will make 1967 a year of hard studies, examinations, competitions.

Old concepts and prejudices will easily be abandoned and radical measures be adopted to bring about a change. Long-drawn-out plans to redecorate homes, change residence, make journeys and visits to doctors and dentists, and undergo surgical and medical treatments will now be put into practice.

The year will help to free many of their heavyweight problems.

The influences emanating from Mars will be felt particularly by those born under the signs of Aries, Scorpio, and Libra. Young people will be particularly affected, but the unrestrained energy which they will feel can also bring in rich results and very positive success, if directed by older and experienced friends and relatives into the right channels.

Somewhat less intensely the Martian influences will be felt by those born under the signs of Capricorn and Cancer. They will be helped to get rid of prejudices and obsessions which so far they lacked the courage to face up to. Barriers and prejudices will be overcome, thanks to their belligerent force of character, and this will mean changes for many of them.



ARIES

(March 21-April 20)

GENERAL: Contrasting influences. You are extremely critical of events and your reactions slow down. You have to face up to new and far-reaching problems. Try not to get involved in any big transactions before March, but if you must, consider well before a decision.

YOUR HEART: Great care and tact are recommended from January to end of May. You are likely to complicate matters, being rather tired of an old relationship. Don't make a rash decision. Between June and the end of the year you can expect some pleasant surprises and a lively social activity. You may strike up a new friendship.

YOUR WORK: Leave problems to mature and work out by themselves—rash decisions, especially during January/February and April/July, may backfire. 1967 is a year when you tend to act emotionally. You should think first, but your nature is rather impetuous. Later you can count on a stroke

MY ADVICE: Exercise more self-control. Saturn may slow up things for you, but his influence will also help you find out where opposition to your plan lies. Consider everything from every angle and try to understand the difficulties of others. Keep a good watch on money.

of luck, and changes will eventually be to your advantage.

YOUR MONEY: The year begins with heavy expenses and possible loans to relatives or friends. Avoid speculation and dicy long-term investments. After June, prospects are better, with the chance of extra money and repayment of the loans.

HOME AND FRIENDS: Parents may worry about their children's attitude. However, these matters won't last and your children will give you much pleasure. Other satisfactions come from changes to your house. Artist friends will help with modern furnishing ideas.

YOUR HEALTH: This may need attention between January and April, but in many cases complaints will have a nervous origin. Possibility of rheumatic pains and general tension, but later in the year your health improves considerably, especially after treatment by your doctor or dentist.



TAURUS

(April 21-May 20)

GENERAL: A progressive consolidation of your position if you follow plans made and don't take risks. Up to the end of May influences are brilliant and betoken success. Later, strokes of luck are less frequent and sudden enthusiasm must be bridled.

YOUR HEART: You may find someone with a hitherto hidden sympathy for you, but think well before you marry or accept a ring. Be realistic and do not waste your time with hopeless entanglements. Very young people should avoid hasty decisions.

YOUR WORK: You will feel enterprising, full of energy, ready to overcome all and every obstacle. A year of definite successes, of changes for the better, excellent contacts abroad, and luck in travelling. Artistic and intellectual work will give you much satisfaction.

MY ADVICE: Consolidate your position before undertaking anything new. Avoid emotional upsets between June and October, exercising more self-control. And don't chum up with cranks or people you don't agree with.

YOUR MONEY: Money will be rolling in, your investments will bring good results, and there will probably be some unexpected windfalls. However, don't get involved in wild speculations, however attractive the proposition may seem. Short-term investments seem best.

HOME AND FRIENDS: Many family problems can be solved, thanks to the help of close friends. Many Taurus subjects can count on an unexpected happy event. Someone, however, may surprise you by his behaviour. Don't get upset. Intense social life, with you at the very centre.

YOUR HEALTH: No special worries for the first few months of the year, but during June/October you tend to catch colds. Stick to a lighter diet and lose some weight. A suitable time to undergo beauty treatment, to slim, and to see your dentist.



GEMINI

(May 21-June 21)

GENERAL: You are holding lucky cards, but much depends on your own approach and on what you make of your chances. But strokes of good fortune are in the air. Organise yourself and don't swing from jubilant enthusiasm to deepest depression. If there are any delays, be patient—developments will prove you right.

YOUR HEART: Delightful surprises are in store and the outlook happy. Don't attach too much importance to the successes of your sex appeal and don't spoil things. From April to September all goes well and, if still unattached, you could get engaged or married. November will find you attractive and enterprising, but beware of gossip.

YOUR WORK: Excellent influences will balance out difficulties. The first six months favor intellectual progress, travelling, and contacts with other countries. There may well be moments of dissatisfaction with those older than yourself and differences of opinion with superiors; however, the arguments lead to future collaboration.

MY ADVICE: Always keep calm and try to adapt yourself. It's not a year when you achieve much without also working hard. Superficiality won't get you anywhere, but people will want to know what you can do. Take up some studies, try to increase your general knowledge.

YOUR MONEY: A net improvement of your financial situation. Avoid spending heavily, don't lend money, and don't take on financial obligations on behalf of third persons. Complicated transactions are best dealt with during the period April to August. Always keep a nest-egg in case of unexpected expenditure—it may occur in October.

HOME AND FRIENDS: Surprises from the family circle—mostly pleasant ones, but there may also be some worry. If you plan to change your abode or modernise your home, take advice and don't rush into anything; you might otherwise spend too much money. It's a year of big plans, journeys, etc., in pleasant company.

YOUR HEALTH: At the changes between seasons, watch your health. You tend to stomach upsets and nervous tension and need more rest and a light diet. However, you will recover very quickly from any bout of sickness. Avoid getting over-tired through sports activities, but do keep fit with exercises.



CANCER

(June 22-July 22)

GENERAL: Consolidate your general position during the first few months of the year — you can do it. Your intuition will usually guide you in the right direction and you can also count on a particular stroke of luck. After March, and more so after June, however, you should be cautious.

YOUR HEART: You will enter the new year full of magnetism and everybody will be attracted by your charming ways, so that you will find no end of opportunities. You may well get involved in a serious love affair with a person full of understanding for your personality. Particular happiness awaits you toward the end of June.

YOUR WORK: Your job will be more interesting and specialised, so you can make the fullest use of your talents. However ambitious your plans, you will work admirably and have the necessary perseverance. But co-operate with colleagues and superiors, and don't neglect legal points.

MY ADVICE: Much patience is required, especially when matters are complicated. Give special attention to your strictly personal affairs. Be more generous with those who work with you, and show more understanding of the people close to you. Keep a wary eye on your health.

YOUR MONEY: Your financial situation improves during the first few months, and there are possibilities of making some extra money. But you had better be a bit careful during the last few months. Thanks to availability of cash, you can realise an ambitious plan this year.

HOME AND FRIENDS: Some opposition will be encountered in the family. You will be able to iron out recent misunderstandings, and for many of you a baby will be a desired addition to the family. But there may be new jealousies and difficulties because third persons are likely to interfere.

YOUR HEALTH: Don't overdo it — neither work too hard nor undertake too strict a slimming cure. Cut down on smokes and alcohol and take immediately the advice of your doctor, if you don't feel too well any time after March. Don't live on your nerves. Stick to a light diet.



LEO (July 23-August 22)

GENERAL: This is definitely a lucky year for you. You will be able to make a reputation for yourself and get what is due to you, thanks to the way you present your plans and ideas. It will also be a decisive year, because you will make far-reaching plans. You will be admired for your perseverance and your well-balanced temperament.

YOUR HEART: You will be full of charm and most friends will find your personality irresistible, so you will be immensely popular. However, you must try to reassure your partner of your feelings for him or her. Those still unattached may well find the right partner this year, and the very young ones will make fascinating acquaintances. They'll find 1967 full of interest.

YOUR WORK: Success is in your hands, and 1967 certainly holds no end of satisfaction for you. You can give your job a more modern aspect, and thus get more efficient. Generally, it is you who can take the lead and make the most of the many available opportunities. Don't neglect cultural activities—this year will favor studies.

YOUR MONEY: In the beginning of the year, you may have several financial obligations, but since you will be able to earn well you won't have to worry. During the second part of the year most of you can count on a definite improvement and considerable extra earnings and perhaps an inheritance as well. Consequently there will also be the urge to spend freely.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents these astrological forecasts as a feature of interest only without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in them.]

HOME AND FRIENDS: There may be some difficulties with the family mid-year. Try to be more adaptable and ready to consider their point of view. Children and young relatives may need much attention. This could be a suitable year for buying a house. There are many mutual interests with friends and much scope for your imagination. Particularly during the first part of the year, social life will be quite exciting.

YOUR HEALTH: Don't take too many drugs and medicines, but submit to a regular medical check-up and stick to the treatment prescribed. Generally, your health will be satisfactory and you can think of starting a slimming diet.

MY ADVICE: Keep away from people who, though probably quite fascinating, may be compromising company. Your peace of mind is most important, so you had better avoid getting involved in complicated situations. When faced with a particular problem, do show yourself understanding and generous.

Overleaf: Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricorn, Aquarius, Pisces



VIRGO

(August 23-September 23)

GENERAL: A most satisfactory year lies before you, full of steady improvements, though the first few months may be a bit heavy going because various problems still await settlement. After that the only obstacles in your way could be your own hypersensitivity, and a tendency to get excited — caused by seeing things in the wrong light.

YOUR HEART: During the first two months you still have to cope with existing troubles, but from March things improve. If you encounter friendship and respect, accept it and be as pleasant as possible; it may well develop into romance if you are unattached. May/June and October/November are months in which to expect an offer of marriage.

YOUR WORK: Patience and perseverance at work will overcome old obstacles and help you achieve something you dearly wish for. But you need a definite program, not a kind of crash plan. Never mind if it entails a new occupation. Results are good.

MY ADVICE: Keep calm and think well before you take any action. Follow your judgment and abandon prejudices—you should be sufficiently sure of yourself and your healthy reactions. Try to forget unpleasantness and the interference — usually detrimental — of third persons.

YOUR MONEY: Care is advisable in money transactions in the first part of the year. There will be some very good returns, but you must count on the unexpected happening as well. In the latter half of July there's a turn for the better, and by the end of the year you will be much better off financially.

HOME AND FRIENDS: Slowly but steadily, misunderstandings and differences of opinion, which had been disturbing family life, can be ironed out in 1967. Of course, you must show your good intentions, as must the opposition, but your own approach will help restore peace. Friends will be a real support.

YOUR HEALTH: Be careful during January and February, but generally this should be a year where most of you won't have to worry about health. You feel much calmer, and this has beneficial effects on your digestive system and liver.



LIBRA

(September 24-October 23)

GENERAL: You may have to cope with a difficulty early in the year — perhaps a strictly personal matter. Be very diplomatic with those close to you, especially if you need their help. Matters look easier for the second half of the year.

YOUR HEART: You will be full of enterprising ideas up to the middle of July, looking for flirtations, a deep affection, or serious love affairs. Beware, though, of unpleasant situations such as arousing jealousy in your partner. Those still unattached may meet their future partner and should keep their eyes open. January, May, and September/November favor romance.

YOUR WORK: Most of the time you will be full of energy and enterprise, but also rather belligerent. Be most careful not to reach wrong conclusions. This year you must watch every detail and make a special effort to be particularly well organised.

YOUR MONEY: Watch your spending, investments, loans, etc., during the first part of the year. There may well be unforeseen expenses. In the second part, your finances will improve considerably, but right through the year keep an eye on your budget.

HOME AND FRIENDS: You must do something toward keeping family relations happy — especially during February and March. Redecorations to your home will be possible, but remember that the effort and expense may be more than you bargained for. Some early differences with friends are smoothed out later in the year.

YOUR HEALTH: You must keep calm if you want to continue your work and feel fit and well. Don't overeat, and beware of infections and feverish colds, especially in autumn and spring.

MY ADVICE: You will need courage and much goodwill to face up to all your problems, and perseverance is needed to achieve your ultimate aims. Keep calm, especially up to July, for nervousness may have repercussions both on your general health and your job, and that's no good.



CAPRICORN

(December 22-January 20)

GENERAL: You will have to make a considerable effort to cope with your duties in 1967. Often you will feel irritable and nervous, and this may make contacts with others more difficult. Be calm and diplomatic.

YOUR HEART: Matters of the heart, however, will compensate for many other difficulties. Lovers are under happy stars. For many, this year will mean the beginning of a serious love affair, and none of you should allow worries in other fields to spoil it. Avoid flirts and anything that may cause jealousy. After June is favorable for weddings and engagements.

YOUR WORK: Your job will grow in importance and, although there may well be big changes, the net result will be a consolidation of your position. Between March and July, however, you may have to grapple with difficulties, often because you take on more than you can cope with. Don't be too hard on yourself.

YOUR MONEY: While you will have many opportunities to make more money, you may be faced with fairly high, unexpected expenses. However, money-making prospects are excellent February to April, in May, and August/September. Many of you may also count on inheriting some money.

HOME AND FRIENDS: Complications are likely in the family circle. A sick relative may cause some worry and your home, too, may cause unexpected expenses. Your friends, however, are always understanding. You also enjoy many social activities.

YOUR HEALTH: Don't take on so much. It will make you tired and you must hold on to all your energies. Be particularly careful during January, May to June, and in November.

MY ADVICE: Try to meet people halfway, but don't let others interfere in your concerns. An optimistic approach will always help in a difficult situation. Your peace of mind is of utmost importance for your whole life, so try to remain tranquil whatever happens.



AQUARIUS

(January 21-February 19)

GENERAL: You will have to work very hard but can also consolidate your position. You have some big ideas and plans, and there is a possibility of great changes and important journeys. A person harmful to your future will go out of your life. But beware of jealousy and intrigue.

YOUR HEART: You will emanate charm and fascination, make new contacts, and be admired everywhere. The year will bring new romance. In fact, matters of the heart should not present any problems. Spring will bring new acquaintances for those still unattached.



SCORPIO

(October 24-November 22)

GENERAL: A year full of far-reaching decisions, important changes, and personal satisfactions. There will be opportunities to enlarge the scope of your work and a slow but steady ripening of certain projects. Put special emphasis on your studies.

YOUR HEART: Life will be full of romance. Those still unattached can count on a lively time, while those already tied to a partner will receive renewed proof of loyalty and affection. The summer months may find you subject to passionate jealousy, and self-control will be needed; anyway, you would be silly to spoil matters, because your jealousy will be unfounded. If you contemplate getting married or engaged, the best times would be between January and March, or from September to November.

YOUR WORK: Up to May you can establish contacts which are likely to prove useful. After May you had better hang on to what you have achieved. If you receive new offers of

work, study them in detail to avoid an ambiguous situation.

YOUR MONEY: Most of you start the New Year with your finances in apple-pie order and with excellent earning possibilities. After March, however, be careful. Don't trust every offer made to you, especially if you don't know the person. Always keep a nest-egg.

HOME AND FRIENDS: You create an atmosphere of serenity, so that your relatives feel happy and understood. Children will give much satisfaction and many Scorpio subjects can expect a happy event this year. Friends and social activities will give much pleasure, but rather mistrust new acquaintances.

YOUR HEALTH: You tend to worry a lot and for most this nervous tension, rather than physical ailment, will be the thing to watch. Perhaps you should have a general check-up and ask your doctor whether you should slim.

MY ADVICE: Don't take on too much in the period May to October, and be most explicit in all your arrangements. An optimistic outlook will help you carry on, and you should try to be less possessive and not so much subject to your moods. In this way, you'll enjoy yourself.



SAGITTARIUS

(November 23-December 21)

GENERAL: At long last, the year about to begin will give you confidence and serenity. Try to settle hitherto worrying matters. After March, influences will help you to get on socially; people will assist with new projects, and you will soon feel more independent.

YOUR HEART: Sentimental affairs take a decisive turn for the better, and you will feel surrounded by affection and understanding and receive many a proof of loyalty. Some of you will make fascinating new acquaintances and achieve a hitherto undreamt-of stage of happiness. Particularly suitable times for weddings or engagements are between May and October and during December.

YOUR WORK: Free yourself of old ideas. During the second part of the year, thanks to perseverance on your part, you will be able to see your way for future expansion of your activities.

MY ADVICE: Try to keep some time for studies, which in turn will help you to get on at your job. If making important decisions, consider every aspect. Don't brag and don't always try to be right, but leave it to others to find out that you are. Keep an eye open for new ideas.

YOUR MONEY: Improvement of your financial situation is indicated, so there is no reason why you should not take on long-term obligations. If shopping, don't overspend, and don't lend money without a guarantee for its return. Chance of extra earnings.

HOME AND FRIENDS: Family differences can be ironed out this year, and most of your worries give way to serenity and confidence in the future. You get great happiness from your children. Until July you have the chance of making many new acquaintances and travelling. If a friend needs your help, don't let him down.

YOUR HEALTH: You will feel enterprising and full of energy. However, you should not take on too much. Keep away from stimulants and tranquillisers. Be particularly careful at changes of the seasons.



PISCES

(February 20-March 20)

YOUR WORK: You will be able to establish your rights and make much progress, both with your work and your social position. Studies and competitions will open up new fields. You may well become more ambitious than ever, but be careful of certain colleagues.

YOUR MONEY: A new factor will enter your life, promising you more financial security. You can save more and also earn more because of your shrewdness. There's a possibility of inheriting money and of getting a bonus.

HOME AND FRIENDS: This year may bring you a house of your own or at least a better home and a change; especially after April. Family relations will calm down. Friendship, which you need very much to be happy, will give you proof of great loyalty — both through old and new friends.

YOUR HEALTH: This is entirely in your own hands and you should be able to consolidate your health by re-acquiring at last peace of mind; consequently you will feel years younger. But don't neglect minor indispositions, stick to a proper diet, and do some exercises.

MY ADVICE: Make a real effort to give a proper basis to your position. Add to your general knowledge and improve on your working methods. Furthermore, don't make others feel that you consider yourself superior. Try to have more understanding for those less able.

GENERAL: You may look serenely toward the New Year, because from March on you will find a way out of most difficulties. What has been embittering you can now be sorted out. There will be influential friends, and favorable circumstances, and, if you are enterprising, success.

YOUR HEART: Those still unattached will be in for some important changes. Many will meet understanding and intelligent people and consequently will feel much surer of themselves. This, in turn, will render them more attractive to others. You can make a romantic decision in springtime.

YOUR WORK: You may count on an improvement in your job thanks to influential support, but of course you also have to work hard. Be optimistic — you are on the right road. Be sure of what you really want to achieve, work it out in detail, then get yourself going.

YOUR MONEY: During the first few months you will be able to put your financial position into order. Be careful and don't take on any obligations you are not quite sure of being able to fulfil. Don't rely on unexpected money coming in; your best provider is your work.

HOME AND FRIENDS: If you have been hoping for a baby for a long time, the happy event may happen this year. In the beginning of 1967 you may still be involved in a family problem, but slowly the clouds will disperse and your relationship with your family will become happier. No surprises where your friends are concerned.

YOUR HEALTH: You have to be particularly careful during the autumn, and a medical check-up is advisable between July and November. Try to take frequent, short rest periods right through the year and watch your feet.

MY ADVICE: Keep calm, confident, and serene — and you can cope with all your problems. Generally, matters will improve or get worse according to your own approach to matters. Your best adviser is your own judgment and commonsense, so rely on yourself.



TV is not kind to mature glamor girls like Lucy, left, seen as she is in real life, but despite this she always looks attractive. Right: Nothing is sacred to Lucy, who takes over from the Mona Lisa.



LUCILLE BALL'S SUCCESS STORY

• "The Lucy Show" may be seen on TCN9, Sydney, Mondays, 8.30 p.m.; and QTQ9, Brisbane, Mondays, GTV9, Melbourne, Tuesdays, NWS9, Adelaide, Fridays, TVI9, Hobart, Thursdays, all 7 p.m.

LUCY with her long-time partner and straight woman, Vivian Vance, clown their way through an episode in "The Lucy Show." Viv recently left the show, but Australia will be seeing her for many years yet.



• If you saw a movie about a young starlet earning 50 dollars a week from roles in cheap movies who became so successful that she was able to buy the studio for which she had worked, would you believe it?

I would, for it is exactly what happened in real life to Lucille Ball, who, today, is probably the most popular human being on TV in the world.

Lucy (no one ever calls her Lucille), star of "The Lucy Show," began her film career in 1940 when she signed a contract with RKO pictures. In 1958 Desilu, which was owned by Lucy and her then husband, Desi Arnaz, purchased the RKO movie lots in Hollywood and nearby Culver City for more than six million dollars. As president of the company, Lucy announced recently that its value had since doubled.

But Lucy doesn't make only money — she makes people laugh and enjoy life, as she does. Now she is married to Gary Morton, a Hollywood comedian and a special adviser to Desilu. Her show is always worth watching.

—NAN MUSGROVE

Television

BELOW THE EARTH'S SURFACE



● A speleologist (cave explorer) examines the small stalactites in the Colong Caves, N.S.W., 1700ft. beneath the earth's surface.

● "Expedition Underground," a half-hour documentary to be screened on ABC-TV, was made when a group of cave explorers spent two weeks examining the Colong Caves in a remote forest area of New South Wales. It brings viewers a fascinating look at the strange and beautiful world of limestone formations beneath the crust of the earth.

By MAL LEYLAND

FOR centuries men have been interested in the underground world of caves, but today with modern science and equipment it is a specialised activity.

The men and women who venture into the little known world of total darkness to explore beyond man's natural habitat are known as speleologists.

Australia has its fair share of caves and a keen population of speleologists willing to explore them. Most of these cave explorers have formed themselves into clubs.

One of these clubs, the Newcastle Speleological Association, organised a two-week stay at the Colong Caves in the Warragamba Dam catchment area of N.S.W. They explored the underground, mapped some of its myriad passages, and produced a half-hour documentary film of the journey, to be screened throughout Australia on ABC-TV.

The caves are in a remote forest, and only four-wheel-drive vehicles can reach the top of the hill where footwork is the only way to cover the remaining two miles to the caves entrance.

Those two miles are down an almost vertical slope which is difficult enough to climb without a load, but on this journey each member was carrying about 40 to 50lb. of equipment.

The line of human pack-horses scrambled up and down the mountain three times to move the ton of gear to the site of the base camp. All 12 members made that camp their home for two weeks.

Mrs. Mavis Savage was the camp cook, and she organised meals for the cave explorers, who disappeared into the mountain at varying times for varying durations to carry out the work planned.

There were three women in the party — all experienced speleologists.

The definition of a cave is a cavern which extends beyond the penetration of daylight. Carbide lamps are used as the main source of light, but all members of the Newcastle club carry small emergency lights as well.

Caving can be dangerous and every care must be taken. There is a rigid code of rules to be observed and there are set procedures in case of an accident. Deaths in caves do occur occasionally, and the thought is never very far from the caver's mind. His only means of existence is to observe the rules.

To carry out scientific tests of humidity, temperature, and carbon-dioxide content, the club's president established testing stations at regular intervals through the caves.

The Colong Caves are a long water passage which weaves 1700ft. into a mountain of limestone. A team of three explored every possible

Television

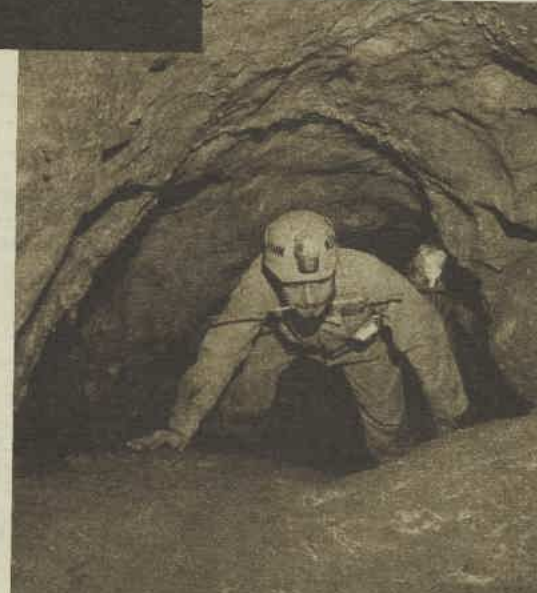
passage in the hope of finding a new cave. Another team had the job of drawing an underground map; yet another team was there to produce a film of the activity.

To reach the big "Woof's Cavern," 1700ft. from the surface, cavers have four hours of hard work. They have to squeeze through narrow openings in the rock, climb down sheer drops on a thin wire ladder, creep carefully on a ledge 30ft. above an inky void, inch slowly through a deep, 60ft. crevice, crawl through mud, scramble over large rock falls.

Then, exhausted and filthy, they stand in silent solitude



● Mal Leyland inches his way through an opening in the rock after exploring a passage.



● John Smyth, president of the Newcastle Speleological Association, carrying his carbon-dioxide testing gear into the caves.

and wonder at the world of crystal beauty which is their reward.

Lost in their own thoughts, they wander through the fairland of limestone crystals. The beautiful formations on the walls, ceilings, and floors have been fashioned by nature over thousands of years. It is like a tomb of jewels.

These colorful formations were the reason for the club's two-week stay. Each member of the party wanted to see them, revel in the beauty of seeing something that is completely hidden from the world outside.

Filming was hard work. Every piece of equipment had to be carried by hand and assembled. To move the gear into the deep cavern, which is big enough to house the Sydney Town Hall, it took 12 members more than 12 hours of continuous strenuous work.

● "EXPEDITION UNDERGROUND" may be seen at 3 p.m. on ABC-TV in Sydney on Sunday, Jan. 8; Brisbane, Jan. 15; Adelaide, Jan. 22; Perth, Jan. 29; Hobart, Feb. 5; repeated in Melbourne later.

Long narrow passages presented special problems for filming, with light, or rather lack of light, a major problem to overcome.

At one spot there was a water-filled lake and one of the men dived under the water to see if it led to another cavern hidden from view. It is dangerous swimming under water of 53 degrees in the hope of finding a pocket of air on the other side. Rigid safety rules were applied for the dive.

It is always the thought of some new wonder, some undiscovered cavern, a small grotto of delicate limestone formations which drives the caver on.

In a world so dark and so seldom visited by man, the chances of finding something new are high. The challenge of seeing how far one can go without becoming stuck and the hope of a discovery are the attractions of the underground.

By the end of the club's two-week stay, 800 man-hours of caving had been clocked, the most accurate map of any Australian cave was produced, new species of insect life had been discovered, a skeleton of an extinct rodent had been found, and the story of the club's activities was on film.



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Tommy Hanlon's

Thought for the week

Mamma once said when we were sitting near an old man who needed a shave, whose clothes needed pressing, and whose tie wasn't knotted properly, "Why are you staring at him?" I replied that I was trying to work out why he looked as though he had been drunk for a week. And she said, "Remember what I've tried to teach you. Never judge a person by his appearance. That man sitting there is Dr. Green, and he's probably been up all night with a sick person, which would explain his unpressed clothes and the beard." I felt ashamed, and I never forgot that lesson.

MOMMA'S MORAL:
If we judged everything by appearance, nobody would ever eat an oyster.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE MAGAZINE
OF BRIGHTER
READING 15c

Everybody's

IDEAS FOR A BRIGHT BEDTIME STORY

by Kerry Yates



● *Scalloped canopy is the interest-point of Tricia McFaul's bedroom in her parents' home at Bellevue Hill, N.S.W. Typically feminine, the pretty room that Tricia designed is sprinkled with bows, flowers, hearts, and dolls.*

● *Union Jack makes an eye-catching bedspread for university student John Rendall, of Paddington, N.S.W. Decorating with flags is the current rage with London teenagers, who are always searching for something different.*

● *Colonial-style bedroom, below, belongs to Vicki Tracy, 16, who chose all the furnishings, and decorated it with knick-knacks she has collected. White, with dashes of color, is very popular with most teenage decorators.*



THEY call them a pad, a den, or even "the cell," those bedrooms that teenagers are designing and decorating themselves.

More than the old "I want to be alone" retreats, young bedrooms have become "homes away from home" (who would guess that paisley painted door leads into the noisy family room?) for older sons and daughters.

As well as providing that necessary privacy, they give teenagers a chance to show their artistic talent and entertain their friends.

"It's almost like having your own little flat," said Vicki Tracy, 16, of Longueville, N.S.W., who likes to take her girlfriends into her colonial-style bedroom for a gossip after school. "It's great for locking out little brothers and sisters with big ears."

While the most popular "look" seems to be white walls and ceiling — best way to show off lots of knick-knacks — some teenage decorators add a feature wall of burnt orange, navy, or emerald.

Another favored theme is claret with alternate panels of claret and lolly-pink on a feature wall, while pink and orange, purple and yellow, lime and navy are other exciting color combinations.

Old furniture (chairs, dressers, and cupboards) bought cheaply at auction sales and markets are very popular. They can be stripped and painted to blend or contrast with any room decor.

"I bought the dressing-table and wardrobe for \$5 each at a junk sale at Bathurst, N.S.W.," said Toni Rendall, 19, a Sydney University student, who has designed a really mod bedroom. "It was quite easy to rub them back."

She simply rubbed the furniture all over with caustic soda, leaving it on for five minutes. Next, she wiped off the soda with water, and rubbed the furniture with methylated spirit.

"You can wax it for a shiny look," Toni said, "or just leave it flat and bleached as I did."

Hessian, corduroy, mattress ticking, and vivid-colored cottons are all cheap and practical for curtains and bedspreads.

Straw matting (approx. 25 cents sq. ft.) is ideal for floor covering, although it's best to ask visitors to remove their high heels, as they tend to catch in the open weave!

Beer barrels, driftwood, housebricks, empty wine bottles, paper flowers — they are all inexpensive and gay decorating ideas.

But with the new trend in teenage decorating, anything and everything — so long as it's different — finds a place in bright young bedrooms.

For teenagers

● Corduroy she hand-printed herself makes colorful curtains and bedspread in Mary Shackman's bedroom. An art teacher and part-time designer, Mary painted the pictures on the wall, and hand-printed a n d made the cute cotton dress she's wearing.



● Bargain furniture, which she bought at a Sydney auction sale and later stripped, fills the other end of Mary's room in the Paddington terrace house she shares with Toni Rendall, whose bedroom is pictured below.



● Gay and girlish, Toni Rendall's bedroom features a matching cotton spread and full-length curtains. She bought the chair (which she painted bright yellow) for \$1 at the same junk sale at which she successfully bid for the dressing-table.



Louise HERE'S YOUR

Hunter's ANSWER

SHE HAS TO TELL

She's less than the dust

"I HAVE a common problem, I suppose, but it is really bothering me. You see, I went out a couple of times with a boy who means a lot to me. My problem is that he treats me like dirt when we are with our friends, but when we are alone he can be just the opposite. I have begged him to stop it because he embarrasses me. No matter what I say or do, I can't seem to get through to him. The other day he asked me out and then forgot all about our date. Please don't tell me to forget him, because I have already been hurt."

"Distraught," N.S.W.

● Although I don't condone the eye-for-an-eye philosophy that some people seem to live by, I certainly don't condemn it in a case like yours. Obviously, only a taste of the "dirt" he is handing out to you will penetrate his thick skin. If his interest in you is as strong as ever at the end of a few weeks, you will know that he really cares. Frankly speaking, I don't think such a boy is worth the heartache.

Lover, come back

"ABOUT a year ago my girlfriend and I had a little tiff, and she has had nothing to do with me since. When this occurred, we were very much in love with each other. I know that she has no other boyfriend now — in fact, she has not gone out with a boy since our argument. The trouble is that she lives in the country, while I live in the city,

"MORE than a year ago I met the nicest boy I have ever known. Now we know we love each other. (We are both 19.) This boy is everything I could wish, but there is one great problem. He is a negro from Africa, doing a university course here. This makes no difference at all to my feelings: I am proud to be seen with him. But my parents have forbidden me to go out with him. What am I to do? I can't tell him, I love him too much. Imagine how he would feel! He often says how happy it makes him that no one here looks down on him because of his skin. Please help me."

"Despairing," Qld.

● Your parents' attitude is the same of parents the world over, be it London, Moscow, or Timbuktu. They want their children to have the very best in life. You may feel they are prejudiced beyond reason, but they foresee the hardships and heartbreaks that are so often born of a mixed marriage. I'm afraid you will have to tell your boyfriend the truth—think how hurt he would be if he thought that it was YOUR decision to end the friendship.

and the distance between us keeps me from seeing her. I've written to her, but have not received any reply. I am very shy, and even after a year I can't get her out of my mind for a single moment. What do you suggest?"

"Desperate," Vic.

● You have two alternatives: Make the long trek to her home—and perhaps face bitter disillusionment—or be a good loser and concentrate on looking forward instead of backward. Personally, I'm in favor of the second alternative. Something may have been said during what you call "a little tiff" that killed her love—this can happen, tragic though it may be—and nothing can resurrect it. Re your ex not going out with boys: Has it occurred to you that she may feel she can never trust a boy again?

Twin sister trouble

"MY twin sister and I are identical, but she somehow seems to attract nice boys and I'm left with the rough types I don't want. I'm not rough, and try to look feminine and dainty. My sister introduces me to all the nice boys, but they ignore me."

"Unhappy," Qld.

● For men, one girl at a time of the same looks and dress is enough. Playing a second-fiddle twin is both boring to you and to the boys you meet through your sister. Why don't you try to seek out your own friends, especially a girl whose company you enjoy and who doesn't think of you as your "sister's twin?"

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

BEATNIK



BEAUTY IN BRIEF

HOLIDAY POSTSCRIPT

IN the rush and gaiety of the Christmas season, diets are forgotten. Every meal is apt to be a banquet, and you nibble indiscriminately.

Then, one morning, the bathroom scale scowls at you; your clothes feel just that little bit tight across the middle — you have the beginning of tummy bulge.

But you're lucky; though new weight settles quickly in your middle, it's also one of the easiest places to reduce quickly.

Of course, you'll diet. Or, if the trouble is not serious, you will simply eat less or differently.

Millions of words have been written about diets, but in actual practice the only diet that does any good is the one you can really do. So the choice is up to you.

To achieve a better shape more quickly, you'll exercise — three to five minutes a day is enough — and tighten muscles in the chubby problem area.

— CAROLYN EARLE

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

History in the making



LETTERS

● It is commonly assumed that history in the classroom is nothing more than the study of past events which hold no interest for the teenager of today. However, for School Certificate we studied, among other topics, the development and present position of South Africa, Malaysia, and Indonesia; Australia's relations with South-East Asia; our Near North; Australia's role in the United Nations, Commonwealth of Nations, SEATO, Colombo Plan, and ANZUS, and Australian-American relations. All are of vital concern to Australians today. Here, indeed, is not dull, irrelevant history — but events which will decide Australia's future.

— ESTELLE FRANCIS, Bankstown, N.S.W.

In praise of parents

I LOOK for the good in my parents, and not the bad. They aren't square, although they do disapprove of some things. I don't know why some teenagers wish they were away from home, living with a friend, or in a flat. Do they think it's smart or something? I'd rather be home with my parents. I find that they agree with me more if I compliment them on things they do. So start to show your parents that you appreciate them — you'll be amazed what can happen!

— Bev Osborne, Everton Park, Qld.

Blood donation

PROVIDED you are over the age of 18, weigh more than eight stone, and have a medical history relatively free from serious illness, you can do something important for the community—become a blood donor. It really is a painless process, takes only a few minutes, and gives you the satisfaction of knowing that you have at least played a small part in helping someone worse off than yourself.

— K. J. Gordon, Medindie, S.A.

DEAR SIR

● Many students hold grudges against teachers, but I think most of them realise that we teenagers have thoughts of our own. I should know, because my father moves around a lot, and I have had about 15 teachers. Out of these I have disliked about two, and my only reason was that they wouldn't allow mixing with boys, which is quite unfair. We have to associate with them sometime.

— Pam Moody, Salisbury, S.A.

DESPITE the fact that they wear it so often (lipstick, nail-polish, etc.), women apparently really hate the color red.

This is the contention of an American psychologist, after a survey of 2000 women.

He says he found that females' favorite color is blue.

This, of course, has long been hinted at by the old song's claim that all the nice girls like a sailor. Clearly, they like navy.

Then there was that old blue-water sailor who always had a bird hanging round — you know, the Ancient Aquamariner.

And I'd like a dollar for every time a girl has told her beau he could go sapphire and no further.

Green, apparently, is women's second favorite color. Emerald is a girl's next-best friend, you might say. Seriously, why do women wear red if they don't like it? "Sheer habit and tradition," says the psychologist.

On the other hand, the expert announces that a similar survey shows that red is most males' favorite color.

He even goes so far as to say that gentlemen don't

ROUND ROBIN Adair

HOW GREEN WAS MY SALLY



prefer blondes. Nor do they dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair.

The survey shows that redheads are tops.

Maybe this explains the romantic success of Scarlett O'Hara.

And why the wolf went for Little Red Riding Hood?

It also seems that blokes like colors allied to red — orange, etc.

Which, perhaps, explains why, in the best-selling book, her boyfriends' infatuations spoke volumes for Amber.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 4, 1967



Hobart, on the shores of the Derwent River, photographed from Mount Wellington by Mr. H. C. Willis, of Kew, Victoria.

● Introducing our new feature, with text by Bill Beatty, author of 14 books about Australia. Here we illustrate the almanac with a picture from our Beautiful Australia series.

AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

JANUARY 1

1838 First issue of John Pascoe Fawcett's newspaper, "The Advertiser," Port Phillip, Australia. A handwritten one, it comprised four pages of foolscap, with news, advertisements, Shipping Advice, Wanted, Lost and Found, For Sale, even a "Poets' Corner." The copies were the work of several calligraphers, all masters of their craft. Since forgery was at its peak at that period, perhaps the writers had come to this country because of that accomplishment.

1856 The name Tasmania officially adopted in lieu of Van Diemen's Land.

1901 Commonwealth of Australia proclaimed in Centennial Park, Sydney, by Lord Hopetoun.

JANUARY 2

1798 George Bass discovered the most southerly point in Australia — Wilson's Promontory.

1813 Death of Bennelong. Governor Phillip decided on the extraordinary plan of seizing some aborigines by force and, after introducing them to civilisation, releasing them so that they could tell their people that the white man wanted to be friends.

Bennelong was his only success. When the Governor returned to England he took Bennelong, who was introduced to King George and lionised by London society. He eventually returned to Australia attired in London's latest fashion, but his pride was considerably jolted when he beheld his sister hurrying to the boat to greet him wearing only a welcoming smile.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 4, 1967

1858 Yan Yean Water Works opened, Victoria. The Yan Yean is one of the four main systems providing Melbourne and its suburbs with its water supply.

JANUARY 3

1823 Lieut-Colonel Johnston died at Annandale, near Sydney, where he had a land grant of 100 acres.

Johnston led the troops that arrested Governor Bligh in 1808, assumed the title of Lieutenant-Governor, and suspended the Judge-Advocate and other officials. In England, three years later, he was found guilty of mutiny and sentenced to be cashiered — a very mild sentence.

1840 First issue of the "Port Phillip Herald." It was distributed free "to every respectable inhabitant of Melbourne." Those citizens who failed to receive one were calmed by the editor publishing a notice to the effect that the runners "were not fully acquainted with the town, hence the delays and mistakes resulting in some of our respectable citizens failing to receive their copy . . ."

1852 Bank of Victoria, Melbourne, opened.

JANUARY 4

1688 William Dampier sighted the north-west coastline of Australia near Cape Borda, Western Australia.

1769 Birth of John Blaxland, wealthy early settler and brother of explorer

Gregory Blaxland. On the advice of Sir Joseph Banks, he emigrated to New South Wales. On his promising to expend at least \$12,000 in the colony, he was granted, by Lord Castlereagh, 8000 acres of land, the use of 80 convicts at government expense, and free passages and freight for his family.

JANUARY 5

1798 Bass discovered Western Port, now Westernport, Victoria. He was given a whaleboat 28ft. in length and the services of six naval oarsmen for this voyage of 1200 miles — one of the most remarkable in the history of Australian exploration. They rowed out of Port Jackson on December 3, 1797, and returned nearly three months later.

1827 Australia's first regatta, held on the Derwent, at Hobart. Hobart and the Derwent are pictured on this page.

1833 First issue of the "Perth Gazette and Western Australian Journal," the first printed newspaper to appear in the colony. An earlier published newspaper had been handwritten and nailed to a tree.

1909 Pinnacle of HMS Encounter was sunk in Sydney Harbor off Mrs. Macquarie's Chair by the collier Dunmore while proceeding out of Woolloomooloo with 67 blue-jackets, 15 of whom were drowned.

JANUARY 6

1822 First service held in St. James' Church, Sydney. The church, as yet unfinished, was designed by convict architect

Francis Greenway. So pleased was the Governor with its fine proportions, that he granted Greenway a full pardon.

1837 Sir John Franklin became the fifth Governor of Tasmania. For the world at large, Franklin's work was mainly connected with polar exploration. He is remembered in Australia especially as the man who tried to make convictism compatible with humanity. Franklin left England on his third and ill-fated voyage to the polar regions in 1845. All 25 men perished.

1930 Don Bradman broke the first-class cricket score record — 452 not out (New South Wales v. Queensland).

JANUARY 7

1799 Circumnavigation of Van Diemen's Land completed by Bass and Flinders.

1814 The first Australian fight on record took place in Hyde Park, Sydney. John Berringer v. Charles Lifton. The bout lasted 56 rounds with bare knuckles, and the men had to run half a mile before the fight started. Berringer was declared the winner.

1896 George Adams opened his Tattersall's Sweep business in Tasmania. Before this, he had organised a lottery to dispose of the assets of the Bank of Van Diemen's Land. 300,000 tickets at \$2 each were issued. First prize was the bank building itself and the land on which it was built on Miller's Corner, Hobart.

1899 Telephone from Melbourne to Ballarat opened.

1920 Death of Sir Edmund Barton, first Prime Minister of Australia.

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NYAL COMPANY DIVISION OF STERLING PHARMACEUTICALS PTY. LIMITED, ERMINGTON, N.S.W.

● Paris once again smiles on pink — and Australia follows suit in summer fashions. The sudden rage for pink is not a bolt from the blue; pink has always looked wonderful for sun and fun clothes and equally glamorous after-five.

Newest pink gear for the beach comes in towelling. For a dress-up mood, chiffon's got the lot. Pink belongs to all age groups. It can look flirty and young, and elegant worn by the older woman. If vivid pink is not your dish, there still are all the pale melting shades.

—BETTY KEEP

● Pink gear for the beach is definitely in. The trio (right), little-boy pants, sweater top, and casual summer pull-on hat, are made in hot-pink towelling.



PINK FOR SUMMER



● Pink for late-day (left) looks soft and sweet in a flutter of chiffon. The dress has a pretty daisy-chain trim.

● Ankle-skirt and shawl-scarf (right) in flower-printed chiffon worn with a blush-pink tuck-in tailored shirt-blouse.



● Chic little A-line shift (left) is collarless and finished with short sleeves. A glitter trim bands the neckline, sleeves, and hemline.

AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● *The trouble with New Year resolutions, I've decided, is that most people make the wrong sort. The only way to get along happily with the New Year is either to resolve never to make a New Year resolution again or to make hordes of them.*

IF you decide to become a mass resolver, you're pretty certain to be successful. Make enough good resolutions and, in the natural order of things, you're bound to be able to keep one or two (especially if they're rather small and frivolous) and so end the year with a smug feeling that you're a resolute character who can do anything you've put your mind to.

The sort of New Year resolutions you should never under any circumstances make are the momentous ones such as resolving to give up smoking, have a daily cold shower, count every calorie until your weight is down to some highly desirable but improbable level, or get up an hour earlier every morning.

Only a person with a strong desire to prove to herself that she's a weakling with no willpower would be foolish enough to make resolutions of this sort. They're all highly desirable things to do, things that would make your life easier, healthier, and more orderly in all sorts of ways.

Obviously if they're so desirable, you'd do them if you could, without any nonsense about waiting for New Year's Day to come round before embarking on all this self-improvement.

The fact that you've postponed action until the last possible moment is proof of one of two things: (a) You don't think a reformed life is as desirable as all that,

anyway. Or (b) You've had it, mate. You haven't got a hope of getting past January 11.

On the other hand, I don't think it's quite fair to cheat, as did one girl we met at a party last year. This was mid-January, and when someone offered her a cigarette she declined on the grounds that she'd made a New Year resolution about it.

Everyone told her how wonderful she was, how miraculously strong-willed to keep it up at the festive season with everyone smoking all round her at parties, and so on and on, and she smugly accepted congratulations on her superiority with a modest smile.

It wasn't until many meetings later that we discovered she was a confirmed non-smoker who'd hated the smell and taste of cigarettes ever since her first experimental puffs in her teens.

It's best to make dozens of small resolutions

NO, the thing to do, I'm sure, is to make dozens of small resolutions. Here's a preliminary list of my own. Join me. I make you a New Year present of them. You can add some more of your own, secure in the knowledge that

the more you add the greater your proportion of successes will be.

In 1967 I am resolved:

To keep no more handleless cups in the mistaken belief that they'll be useful for storing things in the fridge. They are not useful. They get tipped over, showering surplus cooked peas into whatever is stored underneath them.

I will also keep no more rubber bands, plastic bags, or empty coffee jars. Why should I? I've got a million of each.

I will buy ballpoint pens by the half dozen and hide them in the most unlikely places I can think of, where other members of the family will have absolutely no chance of finding them.

I will personally make an appointment for every member of the family to see his or her dentist before the end of February. I don't think this is fair, and I don't see why it is my responsibility, but I'll do it. I am resolved.

Of course, it may not be quite so easy to see that the appointments are kept, but it's a first step.

I will buy a collection of spare electric light globes in the sizes we use most, so that we don't have odd areas of darkness round the house for a couple of nights whenever a globe goes. I am constitutionally unable to remember a gone globe in daylight, so a small stockpile seems the only way out.

I am further resolved to read "Moby Dick" at some time during the year; to clean

shoes (especially white shoes and sandals) when I take them off instead of five minutes before I want to put them on; starting from January 1, to date things 1967 (Ha, ha! What a chance!).

To write lists of groceries on the grocery list instead of phone numbers and unsatisfactory instructions for getting to the houses of friends who obviously don't really know where they live.

To find and answer a letter from a reader who said if I didn't answer it at least she would have the fun of speculating in what unlikely place it finally turned up. (I don't know the answer to that yet, but give me time.)

To look in the pocket of every garment that goes into the wash, so I no longer have to iron money and extricate damp tickets and pick off thousands of streaks of shredded paper tissues.

I don't want to know how badly I score

I AM also resolved to use up the small tobacco tin of stamps the family has collected over the years by dint of addressing the wrong-sized envelope, changing their minds about mailing letters after they'd stamped and addressed them, or ripping a stamped and addressed envelope open again to add that all-important postscript.

I am also resolved to empty vases the day before flowers die, instead of the day after; to see that the Motorists' Association card is kept in the pocket of the car.

To make a list of books taken out from the library so that at least I know what I'm looking for when the time comes to return them.

I also will stop translating clothes prices into £sd before I decide whether they're reasonable, not too bad, or just plain ridiculous.

And, finally, I'm resolved NOT to keep a copy of this. I don't want to know at the beginning of 1968 just how badly I scored in 1967.



Funny thing about Ellie
she spends so much time and effort and money on making herself look beautiful
then she puts on her one and only pair of glasses.

Ellie's only glasses have neat plain tortoise-shell frames. There's no nonsense about them, they're perfectly functional and practical at the office when the pressure is on. Galoshes are perfectly functional and practical too, when it's raining. Very few women wear them at the discotheque. The golden rule of accessories is to choose for both costume and occasion. Eyewear can be the most personal and versatile of all accessories, yet there are so many — like Ellie — who go to no end of trouble preparing for an evening out and then plant their one and only pair of old-faithfuls squarely across their nose. It's a shame, and O.P.S.M. are now showing a range of hundreds of fashion frames to prove the point. All colours, all styles, to make all occasions more significant: daytime, after five, evening, theatre. And fashion spectacles are not expensive — they average about the same price as a good pair of shoes. At last count Ellie had sixteen good pairs of shoes. How about you?



O.P.S.M.
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HOW TO KEEP A GOOD WIFE HAPPY

(PAMPER her a bit—it pays in the long run!)

● There's plenty of advice given to women on How to Keep a Husband — but what about the other side of the picture? asks a Victorian reader who (since she has five

males in her life) prefers to remain anonymous. After all, a man NEEDS a woman to look after him, she points out, and it's time he looked to HIS laurels, for a change.

THE reasons given for getting out of a marriage are endless, even plausible. "She's a bad housekeeper. She's a shrew, always a mess, disorganised, screams at the children, a bad manager, a nagger. Sounds off if I'm late home or want time off with the boys. Doesn't make the most of herself or our opportunities." Never, you notice, that he has his eye on a later model.

Yet he usually winds up remarried, quicker than you can knot a tie. There must be something about the married state that appeals to men. The unmarried man, as he gets older, is more an object of pity than the unmarried woman. Take a look around. See if it's not true.

All those nice little "maiden ladies" with their neat little houses and trim little gardens get along very well without a man about the place. You can't say the same for all the bachelors you know. Elderly or otherwise, they still need a woman to "do" for them.

So, darlings: why should we girls be so concerned with holding our man? What say he does a little worrying about how to keep HIS treasure?

1. Keep right on courting us. You've heard that one before? Well, for your information, courting doesn't necessarily mean bringing home flowers or a box of chocolates occasionally, flinging them on the table with a "see what a good boy am I" expression, and proceeding to eat half of same (chocs, not flowers).

What happened to all those endearing little acts of courtesy? Opening the car door promptly, and with a smile. (Don't forget the smile.) Preceding her in dark places. Thank you, sir!

The glance across a crowded room — be it crowded with strangers, friends, or drying nappies — a glance of affection, not possession, if you please.

These are your public expressions of courtesy. We like you to be that way when we are alone, too.

Could you ask her what program she would like to watch, instead of just turning it to your favorite? You used to ask her what shows she would like to attend in those other, far-off

days. These little attentions will mean more to her than a night out at some expensive nightclub.

When a woman pines for a big night out, it's not the gay times she is trying to recapture, it's the old, lovable you.

2. Start early in the day. The time to begin is before you leave the house in the morning. Don't rush off with a hurried peck, as if you can't get out of the house soon enough. Let her know that the hours between now and your return can't pass quickly enough. You don't need to make pretty speeches. The touch of your hand, the tone of your voice, the look in your eye . . . you haven't forgotten so soon, have you? (Don't answer that.) She will respond with a warm, warm welcome when you return. She has had all day to bask in the glow instead of wallowing in a slough of depression, feeling unwanted.

3. Don't be jealous. That is, not too jealous. Take some interest in where she is, and with whom, but don't make the mistake of the man who proudly assured all and sundry that he had no need to be jealous of HIS wife. He could trust her in any company.

Poor wife got such an inferiority complex that she set out to prove she was still attractive to the opposite sex. She was!

You married her because she attracted you. Wouldn't you hate to think you were the only one she could attract? Pretty poor estimate of your taste, my boy. Of course other men will be attracted to her, but they won't mean a thing as long as you let her know you are still keen.

4. Don't bring your office worries home — unless you are willing to lend an ear to HER worries. "Good for the goose . . ." — you know the rest. Your wife will want to hear about your day, worries, and all. You should be equally prepared to listen to her.

The knowledge that you are prepared to help cope is all most women need to eliminate the aggravations and frustrations in housekeeping.

Molehills only become mountains when you haven't got a sheet-anchor. Dear husband, that is you.

5. Accept your responsibilities. Maybe you are just a newcomer to the marriage game. It takes a lot more courage and spunk to be head of the house — instead of second, third, or something son — than you thought. Well, my boy, when the problems start rolling in, don't go rushing off to find out how Mum or Dad or the fellows would handle them.

Now you are a married man. You have taken yourself a wife. Sit right down, talk it over and OVER. Come up with some solutions yourself. You will both grow in maturity this way, closer together. Rushing off to get someone else to handle the problem will only retard your progress, as a man and as a husband. Women quickly lose respect for the man who shoves his responsibilities. Love departs slowly in its wake.

6. Don't leave her holding the budget. Are you one of those men who proudly declare: "I hand all my money over to the wife. She handles it better than I could." Good for her. That means you haven't got a thing to worry about. You don't have to decide whether you will pay the gas bill this week or buy Bobby a pair of shoes. You don't even know that the house insurance, the car registration, and the rates all fall due the same month.

When you order the new tyres for the car, she won't say a thing. She will just lie awake at night trying to juggle the accounts. It's always amazed me that there aren't any lady bank-robbers.

Dear man, she had to learn to manage a budget, and so can you. It's easier on two nervous systems than on one.

7. Don't be a drunk. Have you, cold sober, seen someone you respect and admire making a fool of himself because he has had too much to drink? Have you had that feeling of revulsion for the degradation inflicted on those about him? Would you like your wife to feel like this about you? Isn't your wife's love more important to you than a casual acquaintance's passing approval?

8. Must you look like a tramp around the house? Those weary shorts, that shapeless T-shirt might have looked all right on the beach but, brother, that was a long time ago. You let out a wail at her hair-curlers. At least they are part of her self-improvement plan.

Can you honestly say that outfit does something for you? She won't mind you getting around in something casual and relaxed, but if it's not clean and crisp you are casting doubts on her housekeeping ability. That is hitting below the belt.

9. Show appreciation for effort. The idea that, because she is female, housekeeping is "doin' what comes natcherly" doesn't necessarily apply. If you are a man who likes his cooking plain, will it hurt too much to applaud her rare flights of fancy? Better that she use her creative ability on butter, eggs, and flour in your kitchen than take up art appreciation, starting with etchings in some wolf's parlor.

A word of praise here, some slight approval there will have her eating out of your hand.

10. Be ambitious, by all means — but don't let money-making become your prime purpose in life. A woman will put up with barrowloads of poverty if she knows her man is there, pitching with her.

It's the man who looks after himself — "I earn it, don't I" style — satisfying his own luxury taste, bluing it on the ponies, leaving her to struggle on an over-stretched budget that finds the little lady looking out for a cosier nook.

A woman prefers a man's company to his money. Eartha Kitt's "old-fashioned girl" notwithstanding.

11. Don't be the strong, silent type. If something offends you, say so — nicely. If you prefer the gold rinse to the green one, all right. But please, not "That green hair makes me seasick," but, "Honey, that gold stuff in your hair makes me feel like a million dollars."

It is true that today's woman wants equality. I'll let you into a secret. It is equality of the mind she is seeking. You may still treat her like a piece of precious porcelain physically. Emotionally, handle with care. Show a little respect for her ideas and opinions. They are not quite so woolly as legend would have you think. Girls go to school nowadays.

Marriage is more of a partnership now, so what about you fellows pulling your weight. You'll find that love, like charity, begins at home — where it's cheaper and cosier.

RIVETS



Advertisement

New Powerful Insecticide is Guaranteed Safe

There is now available in Australia an insecticide totally effective against all insect pests, that is guaranteed safe as it does not contain any poisonous active ingredient to harm the lungs and delicate tissue. This means that it can be sprayed with complete safety near food or where food is stored and near children and pets.

Survival of insect pests is not possible, because the powerful fume action of the Pea-Beu insecticide penetrates deep into remote corners and crevices killing all insect pests on contact. An action described by one observer "as if by an electric shock." No insect is immune to its deadly action.

Supplies of the new Pea-Beu insecticide are now available at chemists and leading stores.



MADE WITHOUT BAKING

Recipes from our Leila
Howard Test Kitchen

NO need to light the oven to make these delicious pies, biscuits, and cakes. All are refrigerated instead of being baked—ideal for the hot weather. They can be prepared well in advance; some can be chilled overnight.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes.

DESSERT PIES

CRUMB CRUST

8oz. plain sweet biscuits $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
4oz. butter or substitute

Crush biscuits into fine crumbs, place in bowl with nutmeg. Melt butter, add enough to crumbs so a tablespoon of mixture squeezed in the hand forms firm ball. Press this mixture firmly round sides and base of well-greased 9in. pie plate. Chill while preparing desired filling.

Note: For chocolate crumb crust, substitute plain chocolate biscuits for plain sweet biscuits.

BUTTERSCOTCH FLUFF PIE

9in. crumb crust (plain or chocolate) 3 eggs
1 dessertspoon gelatine. $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
1 tablespoon water $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar (firmly packed) $\frac{1}{4}$ pint cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt extra whipped cream
butterscotch sauce

Soak gelatine in 1 tablespoon water to soften. Separate eggs. Combine $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar, salt, and softened gelatine in top half of double saucepan. Beat egg-yolks with milk and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water; add to gelatine mixture. Cook over simmering water, stirring until gelatine dissolves and mixture thickens slightly. Remove from heat. Chill, stirring occasionally until thickened but not set. Beat cream until thick, fold into gelatine mixture. Beat egg-whites until soft peaks form, gradually beat in remaining $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar, beat until stiff; fold into mixture. Spoon into prepared crumb crust. Chill until firm. To serve, top each serving with whipped cream and spoon over butterscotch sauce.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

2½oz. butter 1-3rd cup cream
1 cup brown sugar

Melt butter, add sugar and cream, stir until sugar dissolves. Bring to boil, boil 5 minutes over low heat; remove from heat. Beat 30 seconds until mixture begins to thicken. Allow sauce to become almost cold before serving with the pie.

APRICOT CHEESE PIE

9in. crumb crust

FILLING

8oz. cream cheese 2 tablespoons lemon juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweetened condensed milk $\frac{1}{4}$ pint cream

TOPPING

1 cup apricot jam 2 tablespoons water
2 tablespoons sugar 1 teaspoon gelatine

Filling: Sieve cream cheese, add condensed milk and lemon juice; beat until smooth. Fold in whipped cream. Pour into prepared crumb crust. Chill while preparing topping.

Topping: Soften gelatine in 1 tablespoon of the water. Sieve apricot jam. Add sugar and remaining water. Cook until sugar dissolves, bring up to boil. Boil, without stirring, 2 minutes. Remove from heat, add softened gelatine, stir until dissolved. Allow to cool slightly, spoon over cream cheese filling. Chill well before serving.

CHOCOLATE RUM PIE

9in. crumb crust 4 eggs
(chocolate or plain) $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rum
1 dessertspoon gelatine 4oz. chocolate
2 cups milk $\frac{1}{4}$ pint cream
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar chocolate shavings
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons cornflour

Soften gelatine in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of milk; scald remaining milk. Blend sugar with cornflour, stir in hot milk. Separate eggs. Beat yolks, add cornflour mixture. Cook over simmering water, stirring, until mixture thickens. Add softened gelatine and chopped chocolate, stir until gelatine dissolves and chocolate melts; add rum. Allow to cool slightly. Pour into prepared crumb crust. Allow to set in refrigerator. Whip cream. Sweeten, if desired, with little sugar and vanilla. Spread evenly over chocolate filling. Decorate with chocolate shavings.

SAVORY STUFFED LAMB WINS \$10

THIS recipe for savory stuffed lamb wins our \$10 award. Consolation prize of \$2 is won by a recipe for quickly made, crunchy biscuits.

RICE-STUFFED LAMB

1oz. butter or sub-stitute
1 large onion
3 rashers bacon
2 kidneys
3 tomatoes
salt, pepper

1½ cups hot, cooked rice
boned shoulder or leg of lamb (about 4lb.)
½ teaspoon mixed herbs (or to taste)

Soak kidneys 30 minutes in salted water, rinse, and drain. Remove skin and membranes. Finely chop onion. Remove bacon rinds and chop rashers into pieces. Skin and chop tomatoes.

Melt butter in pan, add onion, and saute for a few minutes. Add bacon, cook until fat becomes transparent. Mix in kidneys, which should be roughly chopped; brown kidneys. Add tomatoes, simmer further 5 minutes. Fold in hot cooked rice and herbs, season to taste.

Use prepared stuffing to fill into boned leg or shoulder. Roast until done (approximately 25 minutes per lb. weight).

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. L. Robson, Sulphur Creek, Tas.

GOLDEN COCONUT CRISPS

1½ cups self-raising flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon

1 tablespoon golden syrup
1 cup coconut

● Rice, kidneys, tomatoes, and bacon make an unusual savory stuffing for boned lamb.

½ cup castor sugar
raspberry jam

5oz. butter or sub-stitute

Sift flour and cinnamon, mix with other dry ingredients. Melt golden syrup and butter. Cool slightly, pour over dry ingredients, mix well. Place small teaspoonfuls in heaps on greased baking sheet. Make small hole in centre of each heap, fill with raspberry jam. Bake in moderate oven approximately 15 minutes.

Makes approximately 3½ dozen.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. G. Ogden, 10 Myimbar Way, Nollamara, W.A.

Address entries for our weekly recipe contest to: The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

TEMPTING ARRAY of chilled pies shown opposite are, reading clockwise, Butterscotch Fluff (on cake slice), Chocolate Rum, Pineapple-Passionfruit, Coffee, Apricot Cheese, and Lemon Cream. At right are Chocolate Fruit Squares, biscuits without baking.

COFFEE PIE

9in. crumb crust
4 eggs
½ cup sugar
pinch salt
1 dessertspoon instant coffee
½ cup hot water

1 dessertspoon gelatine
½ cup cold water
extra ½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 dessertspoon rum
mocha cream

Separate eggs. Soften gelatine in cold water. Beat egg-yolks slightly, combine in top of double saucepan with ½ cup sugar, instant coffee, salt, hot water. Cook over simmering water, stirring, until mixture coats metal spoon. Add gelatine, stir until dissolved; cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites blended with extra sugar, nutmeg, and rum. Pour into prepared crust; chill. Top with mocha cream.

MOCHA CREAM

½ pint cream
1oz. sugar
1 dessertspoon cocoa

1 dessertspoon instant coffee
few drops vanilla

Combine all ingredients in small bowl. Allow to chill 1 hour to blend flavors. Then whip until thick. Fill into piping bag with small star tube attached. Pipe swirl of cream on each serving.

LEMON CREAM PIE

9in. crumb crust
3 egg-yolks
6oz. butter
1 cup sugar
grated rind and juice 2 lemons

pinch salt
1 teaspoon gelatine
1 tablespoon cold water
½ pint cream
toasted slivered almonds

Soften gelatine in cold water. Combine beaten egg-yolks, butter, sugar, lemon rind and juice, salt, and softened gelatine in top of double saucepan. Cook over simmering water, stirring until mixture thickens slightly. Allow to cool, pour into prepared case; chill.

Just before serving, pipe the cream, which has been whipped and sweetened, to cover top of pie, sprinkle with toasted slivered almonds.

PINEAPPLE-PASSIONFRUIT PIE

9in. crumb crust
1 dessertspoon gelatine
1½ cups water
4oz. butter
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons cornflour

½ cup lemon juice
pulp 3 passionfruit
1 large can pineapple pieces
2 egg-yolks

Soften gelatine in ½ cup water. Combine butter, sugar, remaining water, cornflour blended with lemon juice. Stir over low heat until mixture boils. Add passionfruit pulp and ½ cup drained, chopped pineapple pieces. Continue stirring, simmer 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add beaten egg-yolks and softened gelatine. Stir until gelatine dissolves; cool. Pour into prepared case; chill. Serve decorated with remaining pineapple pieces.

BISCUITS

CHOCOLATE FRUIT SQUARES

1oz. drinking chocolate
2oz. coconut
2oz. sultanas
1oz. crushed cornflakes
3oz. chocolate
1oz. chopped walnuts

1 teaspoon sherry or fruit juice
2 tablespoons crushed sweet biscuit crumbs
4 tablespoons condensed milk



Place all ingredients except chocolate into mixing bowl; mix well together. Press mixture into lightly greased 7in. square tin, smooth the surface. Melt chocolate over hot water, spread evenly over surface of mixture; mark with fork. Refrigerate; when set and firm, cut into small bars or squares. Makes about 2 dozen.

CHERRY-NUT SLICES

18 honey snap biscuits
4oz. glace cherries
2oz. each preserved ginger, raisins, nuts

15 marshmallows
½ teaspoon vanilla
½ can condensed milk

Crush biscuits finely. Cut marshmallows into quarters, chop nuts and ginger, halve cherries. Mix well with remaining ingredients. Form into long roll. If mixture is too dry, add little more condensed milk. Wrap in waxed paper or foil; chill. To serve, cut into slices.

RAGGEDY ANNS

½ cup condensed milk
4oz. chocolate
½ teaspoon vanilla
½ cup crushed cornflakes

½ cup raisins
½ cup shredded coconut
½ cup chopped marshmallows

Combine milk and chopped chocolate in top of double saucepan. Heat over hot water until chocolate melts. Add vanilla, cornflakes, chopped raisins, coconut, and marshmallows; mix well. Drop by teaspoonfuls on to greased oven tray. Chill until set. Makes approximately 2 dozen.

CAKES

STRAWBERRY DESSERT CAKE

1 punnet strawberries
1 cup castor sugar
2 tablespoons kirsch or brandy

juice ½ lemon
3 dessertspoons gelatine
½ cup cold water
1½ cups extra water

pinch salt
4 egg-whites
½ cup extra sugar

1 cup cream
approx. 19 sponge fingers

Wash and hull strawberries, cut into slices. Place in bowl with sugar, kirsch, and lemon juice. Marinate 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve over hot water. Add to strawberries with salt and extra water. Refrigerate until mixture reaches setting point, stirring occasionally.

Beat egg-whites stiffly; gradually add extra sugar, beating until dissolved. Fold into strawberry mixture alternately with whipped cream. Line 8in. square cake tin with oiled greaseproof paper. Place layer of sponge fingers in base. Spoon in filling, top with remaining sponge fingers. Refrigerate 24 hours. Unmould on to serving dish, decorate with extra whipped cream and small, whole strawberries.

GINGERNUT REFRIGERATOR CAKE

8oz. butter or substitute
1 cup sifted icing sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 bananas

1 cup drained canned pineapple
½ cup chopped almonds
½ cup cream
½lb. gingersnap biscuits

Cream half the butter with icing sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each; add vanilla. Whip cream stiffly; fold in chopped pineapple, sliced bananas, chopped almonds. Fold into butter-cream mixture.

Crush biscuits finely. Melt remaining butter, mix into crumbs. Press 1-3rd of crumbs in base of 8in. x 4in. loaf tin lined with greased paper. Spoon over half cream mixture; sprinkle with further 1-3rd biscuit mixture; press down gently. Spoon over remaining cream mixture, then crumb mixture. Refrigerate overnight.

HOUSE of the WEEK



EXTERIOR view of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Smith de la Haye's home at Kalamunda, W.A., shows how the flat-roofed house blends with its setting of indigenous trees, rocks, and wildflowers. Horses' quarters are at left of building.



LONG, narrow kitchen (above) provides ready access to all equipment, saves Mrs. Smith de la Haye unnecessary steps. Servery at far end connects kitchen with dining-room, door (not shown) at opposite end leads to the ironing-room.

CARPORT (right) is between horses' quarters at left of picture and kitchen and dining-room windows. Covered terrace (far right) adjoining living-room has magnificent views. Boulders for rockery were bulldozed from the site.

HORSES SHARE THIS HOME

● Dutch-born Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Smith de la Haye have incorporated the European farm idea of keeping animals under the same roof as human inhabitants in their home built in the Kalamunda Hills, W.A.

PROBABLY only a huntsman like Mr. Smith de la Haye would have thought of building such fine quarters for his two horses, Manhattan and Ivanhoe. Their loose-boxes are really part of a suite of rooms which consists of a study, a bathroom, and a tackroom or saddlery and is separated from the rest of the house by a two-car garage and breezeway. "No conversion would be needed if the horses were replaced by humans," he said.

During the day, Manhattan and Ivanhoe are transferred to the corral outside, but





COPPER-HOODED fireplace in living-room (above) also warms study behind clinker-brick wall. Windows (right) slide into wall panelled with Burmese teak, and are fitted with concealed flywire doors.

at night are bedded down in their loose-boxes, which are cleaned out daily and covered with fresh straw. The shutter and half-doors are of jarrah. They fold double and the hinges are of specially fashioned wrought-iron.

Mr. Smith de la Haye also has a keen eye for unusual Australian stones, and he has incorporated several interesting pieces collected from the North-west in the green bookleaf stone from Toodyay (W.A.) used in the outside wall of the house. Toodyay stone is also used for the floor of the living-dining-room and the study. "It's very functional," said Mrs. Smith de la Haye. "It needs no polishing. We take up the three rugs in the living-room and wash the floor with a couple of buckets of warm, soapy water."

These rugs, two genuine Bukhara, and the third a century-old Kasak Russian carpet, provide contrasting color to the floor, the copper fireplace, and the walls of

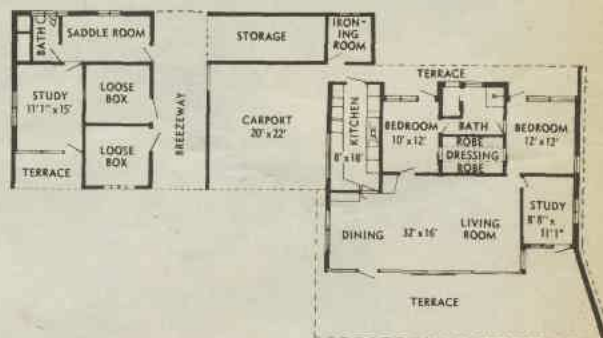
alternating panels of random-cut Burmese teak and burnt clinker bricks.

A tall brass lightstand which throws a soft, diffused light over a large part of the living-room came from a park in Perth. Mr. and Mrs. Smith de la Haye planned to use it on the terrace, but after it was reconditioned they decided it was too good to be left outside in all weathers.

There are two bedrooms, both of which have doors leading into the lounge and to a private terrace. The bedrooms are on either side of the main bathroom and a walk-in wardrobe.

Called Valley Views because of its outlook, the house was built on to a platform bulldozed from the hillside. The dislodged boulders were pushed to the edge of the building platform and then used for a garden terrace and rockery. The Smith de la Hayes have planted the garden with wildflowers and indigenous trees.

— Winfred Bisset



ANOTHER view (right) of living-room. Stone used for floor and terrace outside glass doors came from Toodyay, about 60 miles from Perth. Tall lamp was once in a city park.

LOOSE - BOXES (left) for the Smith de la Hayes' horses overlook cool breezeway. Shutters and half-doors are of jarrah, marine-ply inside and tongue-and-groove slats outside.



Lemons for Beauty

TO keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamour of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.



514

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 514.—FROCK

Smart frock is available cut out to make in lilac, sea-green, or lemon dacron/cotton. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$6.75; 36 and 38in. bust, \$6.95. Postage and dispatch 20 cents extra.

No. 515.—SET OF THREE GUEST TOWELS

Guest towels are available traced ready to embroider in white, cream, pink, green, or blue pure Irish linen. Price for set of three, \$1.35 plus 15 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 516.—APRON

Apron with eyelet edging trim supplied is available cut out to make in blue/white, yellow/white, mauve/white, or green/white check cotton. Price \$1.55 plus 15 cents postage and dispatch.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/8 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



515



516

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MM5

COLLECTORS' CORNER

Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about antiques.

WOULD you tell me about a porridge plate which has a wreath of holly around the edge. On the back is a small holly wreath with "Holly" written inside and Davenport underneath. There is also the mark "1315" and a small depressed mark like an anchor. I also have a seven-inch vase with square base which has an all-over design of green, brown, and turquoise with horses and birds in a Japanese or Chinese style. — Mrs. J. O'Brien, Watson, A.C.T.

The "Holly" design which occurs on Davenport wares was registered by Davenport's at the London Patent's office in 1849. The numerals "5 and 6" which appear impressed on the right and left of the anchor indicate that your porridge plate was made in 1856.

The Chinese porcelain vase bears a seal mark which was used on some Ch'ienling (A.D. 1736-1795) wares. However, due to the fact that the Chinese have continued to reproduce the earlier designs and marks up to the present time, one would need to see the vase to establish its date.

I HAVE a pewter beer mug which has the words "Gaskell and Chambers, Birmingham" written underneath. It is quite plain except for two rings running around the mug above the words half pint. It also has the markings "G.R." on it. The mug is in quite good condition and I am bursting with curiosity to know how old it is. — Mrs. Stan Cooney, Lower Portland, via Windsor, N.S.W.

The pewter mug appears to be made by Gaskell and Chambers, of Birmingham, during this century. It evidently has been used in a hotel and stamped with the official Government mark — hence G.R. for George Rex (George V), 1911 to 1936. For further details about pewter see this feature in last week's issue. Similar pewter mugs were in constant use throughout the last century.

COULD you tell me something of the origin of this plaque? My daughter has painted a sketch, which I have enclosed. The plaque is octagonal and has an "A.R." stamped and intertwined on the back. It also has a typed note painted on the back which says "Meissen plaque Augustus Rex Cly10—reputedly a portrait of Princess Sophia of Saxony." It find it hard to believe that it is as old as this and wondered if you could enlighten me. — Mrs. J. Smith, Mount Eliza, Vic.

The plaque is not an original 18th-century example. It was made about 1865 to 1875. The first white porcelain made in Meissen was exhibited at the Leipzig Fair in 1710. The first marks used consisted of the "A.R." mark for Augustus Rex. The mark was much copied throughout the latter half of the 19th century.

MY mother has a light oak chair with a tile "Macbeth" on the back. It originally belonged to a hallstand set. Can you tell me something about it? — Mrs. G. Clementson, Essendon, Vic.

This type of hallchair was introduced during the latter quarter of the Victorian era. Similar ones were even made during the first decade of the Edwardian era. The tile which is decorated with a transfer-printed design depicting Macbeth is probably a Minton example. The chair was probably made between 1890 and 1900.

COULD you tell me something about a very old Willow pattern teaset? There are six small and six large bread-and-butter plates and six cups and saucers. It is marked "Willow R.H. and S.L. Plant," with a design of a crown sitting on crossed swords. — Mrs. A. M. Powell, Brisbane.

The Willow design teaset was made at the Tuscan works Longton (Staffordshire). Plants established the pottery about 1898. Your set bears a mark which was used between 1898 and 1902.

READERS' HOUSEHOLD HINTS

These useful hints, sent in by readers, win a prize of \$2 each. They will help you with your housework and cooking.

IF you are out of steel wool, an excellent substitute can be made by crushing aluminium foil into a ball. It removes marks and food from utensils easily. — Mrs. L. F. Hughes, 36 Waratah St., Kahibah, Newcastle, N.S.W.

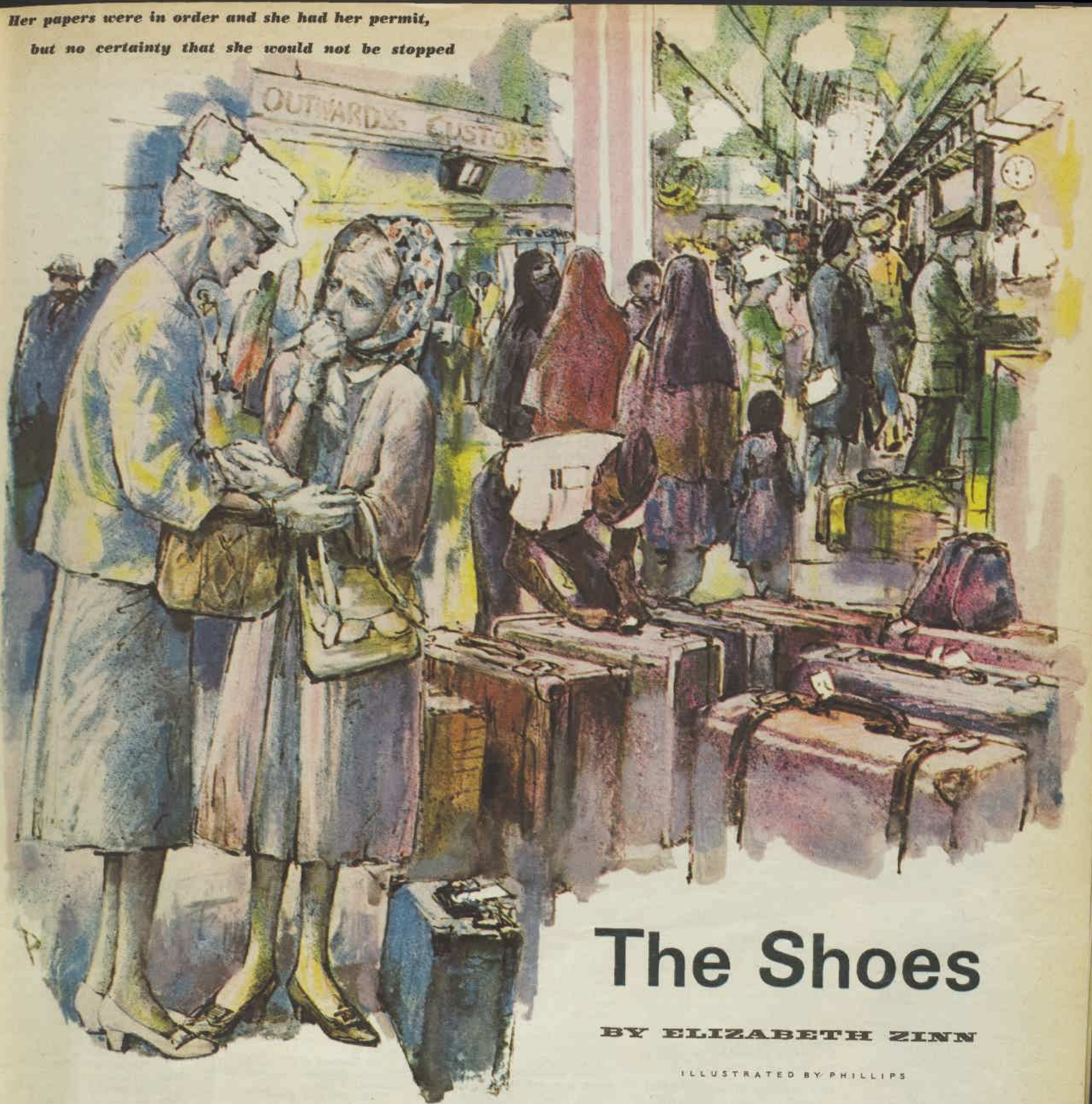
Scrubbing-brushes with non-synthetic bristles will last twice as long if given an occasional wash in a strong solution of salt and water and allowed to dry in the open air. — Mrs. K. M. Raymond, 7/106 Pacific Highway, St. Leonards, N.S.W.

Ammonia sprinkled on a pad of newspaper and rubbed on windows will keep flies away. — Mrs. T. Mooney, 105 Allen St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

Keep the water just simmering, not boiling, when poaching eggs in a saucepan, and they will retain their shape. — Mrs. L. R. Reilly, 17 Kapunda St., Toowoong, Qld.

When sewing pyjamas for toddlers, make the pants with crossover straps. There will then be no difficulty in keeping the pants up. — Mrs. L. J. Gangell, William St., Brighton, Tas.

*Her papers were in order and she had her permit,
but no certainty that she would not be stopped*



The Shoes

BY ELIZABETH ZINN

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

"WE need rain, the ground needs rain. Look how dry everything is. Ah, it breaks my heart to see the plants and the trees..."

"You took your fur jacket?"

"Yes."

"And the silk, the silk is there?"

"My dear sister, I have forgotten nothing."

"We are in good time."

"You will not forget to give the books to Johnny. He will learn many things from those books; they are old, very old. Do you remember, when we were children, how we would steal into father's study and read them? Johnny will love the books and will keep them safe. You must see that Myra continues with her treatment."

"Do not worry, I shall remember."

"It is very warm today."

They sat in silence. The car came to a halt. People crossed the busy street; men in white cotton trousers with loose, hanging shirts, women in full silk trousers which fell like long skirts, fitting tight around their ankles, and brightly colored tunic-tops. Mingled with them were the women cloaked completely in black, faces hidden by black, everything seen through a narrow strip of dark gauze. Silent, shapeless shadows revealing nothing.

He shuffled across to their car, an old man with long, grey, matted hair and beard. He stared through the window, his eyes sunk deep in their sockets. He stared at her. She shud-

dered. He had no hands, just stumps, and his naked chest showed each bone. She closed her eyes. The car moved on. Her sister drove fast, hooting continually, dodging between the cattle-drawn carts, the rickshaws, the bicycles, and people.

She sat quite still. It hurt. It hurt very much. She let the dull ache spread and consume her. She wanted to turn back and return to where she belonged.

She wound down the window. It was hot. She knew she would never go back. The breeze felt cool and soothing as it caressed her warm cheeks. She gazed at the familiar buildings and

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MISSING MOTHER

By ISABEL JOHNSTON



Amelia finished reading the letter and started to worry.

AMELIA stared at Sally Benton's letter, her anxiety and guilt about her mother suddenly acute. Mother had written brave, cheerful letters about the Florida sunshine and her appreciation to her children for giving her a winter there. But the only person she ever mentioned was the hotel maid, Tessa.

Amelia had an uneasy feeling that her mother was lonely in the luxury hotel. That's why she had asked Sally Benton to look up Mother and introduce her to some other elderly ladies.

"Your mother checked out of the hotel several weeks ago," Sally Benton wrote. "Will you send me her new address? I'll take her to lunch."

Frantically, Amelia put in a person-to-person call to her mother at the hotel, but the operator confirmed Sally Benton's news. Mrs. Henderson had checked out several weeks ago.

Amelia felt a chill of panic. Where had Mother gone? What could have happened to her? Too late, Amelia told herself, she never should have sent her off alone. Mother had lived all her life on a farm. She was a helpless innocent, incapable of coping with the wicked ways of the world.

Amelia and her brothers and their wives had agreed they simply couldn't let Mother stay in that old farmhouse by herself. At first they considered taking turns, having her visit them during the winter, two months with each of them, but there were objections. Brian had five small children and no extra room. John had a den, possible for Mother's use, but John's teenagers studied there.

Amelia had plenty of space, but she did a lot of business entertaining for her husband. A plain countrywoman like Mother would stand out like a sore thumb in the sophisticated parties Amelia gave — and be uncomfortable, besides.

A winter in a swank hotel in Florida seemed an ideal

solution. All three contributed, Amelia more than her share, so Mother received a very substantial amount every week. Amelia told herself that at last Mother could take it easy and not lift a hand. And now . . .

"Mother's gone," Amelia frantically telephoned John. "Sally Benton tried to look her up and she wasn't there. She left the hotel several weeks ago."

"Why not ask the hotel for her new address?" John, not one to panic, advised.

"If someone is after her money, do you think they'd let such a letter get to her?" Amelia argued.

John's reaction was so unsatisfactory, Amelia hung up and called Brian. He reacted with an alarm equal to her own and wanted to contact the police.

"Wait for the police and their red tape?" Amelia refused. "I'm going to fly down immediately."

Once in Miami, she rushed by taxi to the hotel. The clerk was all bland graciousness, but he had to consult the books before he could tell her the date Mrs. Henderson left.

"Didn't she leave a forwarding address?" Amelia asked.

"No. But perhaps some of her friends at the hotel might know."

THE SHOES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

out of the window and closed her eyes.

"I cannot go through with it!"

"You mean . . ."

"I mean I cannot take my jewels."

"But you are crazy, my sister. You do not realise that when you leave this country you will have almost nothing."

"I will have freedom."

"Freedom! What is freedom if you have no money? You think you can eat freedom? Buy shelter with freedom? Sister, you must keep your jewels. I implore you, please keep them."

She opened her eyes. "Darling, you must understand I am old and alone. For my last years I want peace. I long for peace and this is my one chance to find it. I am frightened that I will go to

FROM THE BIBLE

● "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him."

— Colossians 3; 17.

prison if they discover my jewels, and it would be foolish to risk this. We shall never see each other again; so take my jewels and please me."

"But no one will discover where they are hidden."

"Many have thought that and they have been caught. To hide diamonds in shoe heels is an old trick."

"Listen, they hardly ever examine shoes. You remember Norma, she got away quite safely. They will not find yours, either."

"I do not trust Lemkin."

"Now you are mad! Lemkin has been our shoemaker for twenty years. You cannot believe he

would inform the police that he drilled holes in your heels."

"Others have done so. There is a large reward for informers. Many of those our people trusted and thought were their friends turned against us. The poor cannot afford loyalty. These people are nice to us because we pay them, but do not forget they will be nice to anyone else who will pay them."

"You are wrong about Lemkin, he is no informer."

"Maybe I am just being foolish, but I have made up my mind. We must hurry or I shall miss my plane. Here are my shoes, please give me yours. How lucky it is we take the same size. You must not worry about me. Come, sister, give me your shoes."

"They changed shoes in silence. The car moved on. Gradually her tensed body relaxed and she began to feel better. Soon, she would be free from this nightmare, this oppression. After all, she had a little money and would manage somehow."

They reached the airport and parked the car. People were hurrying to and fro. A jet screamed up into the cloudless blue. She watched it until it was just a distant speck. The sun was still climbing toward its zenith. The tarmac was hot and dust flew everywhere.

"You will not change your mind?"

She shook her head and they made their way into the airport building. They found the ticket desk and her luggage was weighed.

"My dear, this is goodbye."

They stood together, their arms tight about each other. She felt tears stream down her cheeks. She held her sister close.

"You are sure you will not change your mind?"

She shook her head again.

"I will come and see you off."

"It is not allowed."

"I shall wait behind the Customs barrier, it is low enough for me to be able to see you. You

promise to write as soon as you arrive? Oh, sister, I shall miss you."

They made their way toward the passport desk and Customs room. Her sister watched her have her passport stamped, then moved to the Customs barrier.

The Customs official asked to see her passport.

"I have already had it stamped."

"Show it to me."

She opened her bag and took out her passport and papers.

"Is this small suitcase the only luggage you have?"

"Yes. You see I am only going away for four days. My niece is getting married tomorrow."

SHE looked toward the barrier; her sister was still waiting. She waved, her sister waved back.

The Customs official opened her suitcase, searched it, and then slammed it shut.

"Give me your shoes!"

"My shoes . . . ?"

"That's what I said."

She reached down and slowly took off her shoes.

"Come on. Hurry up. I'm a busy man!"

Her hands shook as she passed her shoes over. He snatched them from her and tried to separate the heel from the sole by wedging the heel under a wooden ledge. Eventually, he took a small knife from his pocket and after much effort the heel came off. He repeated this with the other shoe.

"Ah, that's got 'em!" he cried.

She watched him as he eagerly cut away the leather. "What have you done to my shoes?"

He threw the broken heels to the ground.

"What have you done to my shoes? I am going to my niece's wedding — what am I going to wear?"

The official, who seemed to have forgotten her, looked up. His face had lost its early harshness, he seemed concerned.

"I am sorry, madam, but you must understand . . ."

"Oh, what am I going to wear

Friends? Her mother hadn't mentioned a single name except the maid's.

"Could I see the maid, Tessa?" Amelia asked.

Amelia was ushered into the manager's office and the maid, Tessa, a big, rawboned woman, was brought in. When Amelia explained she was Mrs. Henderson's daughter, Tessa reddened and looked the picture of guilt.

"She said something about not wanting you to know she was leaving the hotel," Tessa said.

Nothing Amelia or the hotel manager said could make Tessa give more information. Tessa wept, but she wouldn't talk. At last they dismissed her. The hotel manager alarmed, offered Amelia the services of the hotel detective.

The detective confirmed their suspicions that the maid was involved with Mrs. Henderson's disappearance. She had been picking up the mail for Amelia's mother. He proposed they trail Tessa and find out where she left the mail. It meant waiting till she was off duty, but at last they saw her driving off in a rickety car. Amelia and the detective followed.

They trailed Tessa to the outskirts of the city — to a little house in a cheap district — her own address.

"I'll make that woman talk," Amelia insisted, "if I have to have her arrested for kidnapping!"

The detective let Amelia go in alone. He promised to wait outside and notify the police in case Amelia met trouble in the house.

"You've got to tell me where Mother is," Amelia demanded when a sullen Tessa opened the door.

Without a word, Tessa led Amelia through the living-room to the kitchen — and there, dishing out dinner to two boys and a small girl, was Mother!

"Oh, Mother, Mother, I was so worried," Amelia sobbed, hugging her. "She wouldn't tell us where you were."

"It's not Tessa's fault. I made her promise not to tell."

"She didn't want to disgrace you, letting your rich friends know she lives in a place like this," Tessa explained.

Amelia glared at Tessa and asked her mother, "Has this woman been taking you down for your money?"

"Oh, Tessa doesn't let me pay much at all, she likes having me here when the kids get home from school," Mother explained. "I banked all the extra money. If you don't mind, I could use it to bring Tessa and the kids back to the farm with me. Tessa could get a job — and with the kids and all, you wouldn't have to worry about my staying there all alone."

At that moment, the detective and two policemen charged in, ready to arrest the kidnapper. Amelia was embarrassed, completely at a loss. Amazingly, Mother, whom Amelia thought so helpless, took charge with competence.

"It's all a big mistake," she told the policemen gaily, "but everybody sit down and I'll give you a nice cup of hot coffee!"

(Copyright)

now?" She buried her face in her hands and wept. "Tomorrow I must be at the wedding. Why did you ruin my shoes?"

"Many people hide diamonds in their shoes. We have to check, that's our job. Look, lady, don't you have another pair of shoes to wear?"

"This is the only pair I brought with me. Oh, what shall I do?"

"I am sorry. I will give you a receipt for the shoes and they will be replaced."

"But now . . . what shall I wear now?"

He looked at her small, wizened face, her tear-stained cheeks. An old woman with no shoes to wear and going to her niece's wedding.

"Have you no friend here who can help you? Who were you waving to at the barrier? Look, a lady is waving now! Waving to you. Can she help you?"

"No. That is my sister. Oh . . . We do take the same size shoes. Perhaps . . ."

"Well, then, everything is fine. Why not borrow her shoes? The department will make a refund to you within fifteen days. Just let us know the cost of the shoes. Here is your receipt. Hurry! You will just have time to take her shoes and catch your plane."

The old lady walked slowly away from her sister toward the waiting aeroplane. She smiled. Her sister smiled. And the Customs official smiled as he called, "Next, please!"

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Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Destiny had imposed upon her this talent of beauty, but she knew where her duty lay and had dedicated her life to the gift

THE END OF A CAREER

BY JEAN STAFFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDSON

BY those of Angelica Early's friends who were given to hyperbole, she was called, throughout her life, one of the most beautiful women in the world's history. And those of more restraint left history out of their appraisal, but said that Mrs. Early was certainly one of the most beautiful of living women. She had been, the legend was, a nymph in her cradle (a doting, bibulous aunt was fond, over cocktails, of describing the queenly baby's pretty bed — gilded and swan-shaped, lined with China silk of a blue that matched the infant eyes, and festooned with Mechlin caught into loops with rosettes), and in her silvery coffin she was a goddess.

At her funeral, her friends mourned with as much bitterness as sorrow that such a treasure should be consigned to the eyeless and impartial earth; they felt robbed; they felt as if one of the wonders of the world had been demolished by wanton marauders. "It's wrong of the Maker to bury His own masterpiece," said the tipsy aunt, "and if that's blasphemy, I'll take the consequences, for I'm not at all sure I want to go on living in a world that doesn't contain Angelica."

Between her alpha and omega, a span of fifty years, Mrs. Early enjoyed a shimmering international fame that derived almost entirely from the inspired and faultless team spirit of her flesh and her bones and her blood; never were the features and the colors of a face in such serene and unassailable agreement, never had a skeleton been more singularly honored by the integument it wore.

And Angelica, aware of her responsibility to her beholders, dedicated herself to the cultivation of her gift and the maintenance of her role in life with the same chastity and discipline that guide a girl who has been called to the service of God.

Angelica's marriage, entered upon when she was twenty-two and her husband was ten years older, puzzled everyone, for Major Clayton Early was not a connoisseur of the complex civilisation that had produced his wife's sterling beauty but was, instead, concerned with low forms of plant life, with primitive societies, and with big game.

He was an accomplished huntsman — alarming heads and horns and hides covered the walls of his den, together with enlarged photographs of himself standing with his right foot planted firmly upon the neck of a dead beast — and an uneducated but passionate explorer, and he was away most of the time, shooting cats in Africa or making and recording observations in the miasmas of Matto Grosso and the mephitic verdure of the Malay Peninsula.

While he was away, Angelica, too, was away a good deal of the time — on islands, in Europe, upstate, down South — and for only a few months of the year were they simultaneously in residence in a professionally and pompously decorated maisonette that overlooked Central Park.

When Major Early was in town, he enjoyed being host to large dinner parties, at which, more often than not, he ran off reels on reels of crepuscular and agitated movies that showed savages eating from communal pots, savages dancing and drumming, savages in council, savages accepting the white man's offerings of chewing gum and mechanical toys; there were, as well, many feet-of film devoted to tarantulas, apes, termite mounds, and orchidaceous plants. His commentary was obscure, for his vocabulary was bestrewn with crossword-puzzle words.

Those evenings were so awful that no one would have come to them if it had not been for Angelica; the eye could stray from a loathsome witch doctor on the screen and rest in comfort and joy on her.

Some people said that Early was a cynic, and some said that he was a fool to leave Angelica unguarded, without children and

without responsibility, and they all said it would serve him right if he returned from one of his safaris to find himself replaced. Why did a man so anti-social marry at all, or, if he must marry, why not take as his wife some stalwart and thick-legged woman who would share his pedantic adventures — a champion skeet shooter, perhaps, or a descendant of Western pioneers?

But then, on the other hand, why had Angelica married him? She never spoke of him, never quoted from his letters — if there were any letters — and if she was asked where he was currently travelling, she often could not answer. The speculation upon this vacant alliance ceased as soon as Early had left town to go and join his guides, for once he was out

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New Way to Reduce Weight

A tablet specially designed for sweet tooths that aids in weight reduction is now available. You can now slim and stay slim by taking one or two tablets after the main meal each day to dispel and neutralize the fatty unsaturated content of the food eaten and lessen body weight until normal.

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of sight, no one could remember much about him beyond a Gallic moustache and his ponderous jokes as his movies jerked on. Indeed, so completely was his existence forgotten that matchmakers set to work as if Angelica were a widow.

They did not get far, the matchmakers, because, apart from her beauty, there was not a good deal to be said about Angelica. She had some money—her parents had left her ample provision, and Early's money came from a reliable soap—but it was not enough to be of interest to the extremely rich people whose yachts and chateaux and boxes at the opera she embellished. She dressed well, but she lacked the exclusive chic, the unique fillip, that would have caused her style in clothes to be mentioned by the Press.

Angelica was hardly literate; the impressions her girlish mind had received at Miss Hewitt's classes had been sketched rather than etched, but she was not stupid and she had an appealing, if small and intermittent, humor. She was not wanting in heart and she was quick to commiserate and give alms to the halt and the lame and the poor, and if ugliness had been a disease or a social evil, she would, counting her blessings, have lent herself to its extirpation.

SHE wasn't a cat, she wasn't a flirt or a cheat, wasn't an imbecile, didn't make gaffes; neither, however, alas, was she a wit, or a catalyst, or a transgressor to be scolded and punished and then forgiven and loved afresh. She was simply and solely a beautiful woman.

Women, on first confronting Angelica Early, took a backward step in alarm and instinctively diverted the attention of their husbands or lovers to something at the opposite end of the room. But their first impression was false, for Angelica's beauty was an end in itself and she was the least predatory of women.

The consequence of this was that she had many women friends, or at any rate she had many hostesses, for there was no more splendid and no safer ornament for a dinner table than Angelica. The appointments of these tables were often planned round her, the cynosure, and women lunching together had been known to debate (with their practical tongues in their cheeks but without malice) whether Waterford or Venetian glass were better with her and whether white roses or red were more appropriate in juxtaposition to her creamy skin and her luminous ash-blond hair.

She was forever in demand; for weeks before parties and benefit balls hostesses contended for her presence; her status—next to the host—in protocol was permanent; little zephyrs of excitement and small calms of awe followed her entrance into a drawing-room. She was like royalty, she was a public personage, or she was, as the aunt was to observe at her funeral, like the masterpiece of a great master.

Queens and paintings may not, in the ordinary sense, have friends, but if they live up to their reputations, they will not want for an entourage, and only the cranks and the sightless will be their foes. There were some sceptics in Angelica's circle, but there were no cranks, and in speaking of her, using the superlatives that composed their native tongue, they called her adorable and indispensable, and they said that when she left them the sun went down.

Men, on first gazing into those fabulous eyes, whose whites had retained the pale,

THE END OF A CAREER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

melting blue of infancy, were dizzied, and sometimes they saw stars. But their vertigo passed soon, often immediately, although sometimes not until after a second encounter, planned in palpitations and bouts of fever, had proved flat and inconsequential. For a tete-a-tete with Angelica was marked by immediacy; she did not half disclose a sweet and sad and twilit history, did not make half promises about a future, implied the barest minimum of flattery and none at all of amorousness, and spoke factually, in a pleasant voice,

engagements for a day or two, during which time a hairdresser was in attendance, treating the lady with dyes and allaying her fears. A Finn daily belabored her with bundles of birch fagots to enliven her circulation; at night she wore mud on her face and creamed gloves on her hands; her hair was treated with olive oil, lemon juice, egg-white, and beer; she was massaged, she was vibrated, she was steamed into lassitude and then stung back to life by astringents; she was brushed and creamed and salted and powdered.

THE BOYFRIEND



"He'll never make the Top Twenty — his hair's too short!"

without nuance and within the present tense.

Someone had said that she was sec — a quality praiseworthy in certain wines but distinctly not delicious in so beautiful a woman. All the same, just as she had many hostesses, so she had many escorts, for her presence at a man's side gave him a feeling of achievement.

Angelica was not, that is, all facade — her eyes themselves testified to the existence of airy apartments and charming gardens behind them, but she was consecrated to her vocation and she had been obliged to pass up much of the miscellany of life that irritates but also brings about the evolution of personality; the unmolested oyster creates no pearl. Her heart might be shivered, she might be inwardly scorched with desire or mangled with jealousy and greed, she might be benumbed by loneliness and doubt, but she was so unswerving in her trusteeship of her perfection that she could not allow anxiety to plead her immaculate brow or anger to discolor her damask cheeks or tears to deflower her eyes.

Perhaps, like an artist, she was not always grateful for this talent of beauty that destiny had imposed upon her without asking leave, but, like the artist, she knew where her duty lay; the languishing and death of her genius would be the languishing and death of herself, and suicide, though it is often understandable, is almost never moral.

The world kindly imagined that Mrs. Early's beauty was deathless and that it lived its charmed life without support. If the world could have seen the contents of her dressing-table and her bathroom shelves! If the world could have known the hours devoured by the maternal ritual; Angelica and her reverent English maid, Dora, were dressed like surgeons in those morning hours, and they worked painstakingly, talking little, under lights whose purpose was to cast on the mirrors an image of ruthless veracity.

The slightest alteration in the color of a strand of hair caused Angelica to cancel all

All this took time, and, more than time, it took undying patience. So what the world did not know, but what Angelica and her maid and her curators knew, was that the blood that ever so subtly clouded her cheeks with pink and lay pale green in that admirable vein in her throat was kept in motion by a rapid pulse whose author was a fearful heart: If my talent goes, I'm done for, says the artist, and Angelica said, If I lose my looks, I'm lost.

Mrs. H. WIFE



"I outsmarted him! I sneaked the bills back into his bag."

So, even as she attentively lent the exquisite shell of her ear to her dinner partner, who was telling her about his visit to Samothrace or was bidding her examine with him his political views, even as she returned the gaze of a newcomer whose head was over his heels, even as she contributed to the talk about courtesiers after the ladies had withdrawn, Angelica was thinking, in panic and obsession, of the innumerable details she was obliged to juggle to sustain the continuity of her performance.

Modern science has provided handsome women—and especially blondes, who are the most vulnerable—with defenses against many of their natural enemies: the sun, coarsening winds, the rude

and hostile properties of foreign waters and foreign airs. But there has not yet been devised a way to bring to his knees—the archfiend Time, and when Angelica began to age, in her middle forties, she went to bed.

Her reduction of the world to the size of her bedroom was a gradual process, for her wilting and fading was so slow that it was really imperceptible except to her unflinching eyes, and to Dora's, and to those of an adroit plastic surgeon to whose unadvised sanatorium, tucked away in a rural nook in Normandy, she had retreated each summer since she was forty to be delivered of those infinitesimal lines and spots in her cheeks and her throat that her well-lighted mirror told her were exclamatory and shameful disfigurements.

Such was the mystery that shrouded these trips to France that everyone thought she must surely be going abroad to establish a romantic menage, and when she paused in Paris on her return to New York, she was always so resplendent that the guesses seemed to be confirmed; nothing but some sort of delicious fulfilment could account for her subtlety, her lovely, tremulous, youthful air of secret memories. Some of her friends in idle moments went so far as to clothe this lover with a fleshy vestment and a nationality, and one of the slowly evolved myths, which was eventually stated as fact, was that he was a soul of simple origin and primal magnetism—someone, indeed, like Lady Chatterley's lover.

Angelica would suddenly appear in Paris at the end of August with no explanation of the summer or of that happy condition of her heart that was all but audible as a carol, and certainly was visible in her shimmering eyes and her glowing skin. She lingered in Paris only long enough to buy her winter wardrobe, to upset the metabolism of the men she met, to be, momentarily, the principal gem in the diadem of the international set, and to

ocean and now she was sailing the crests and the depths, and if her adventurous voyage away from the doldrums had come late in life, it had not come too late; the prime of life, they said, savoring the philosophy and refurbishing their cliché, was a relative season. They loved to speculate on why her lover was unrepresentable.

Wiseacres proposed, meaning it, that he was fugitive from the Ile Diabie; others agreed that he was not Neanderthal (one way or another) or ignobly born that not even democracy could receive him into its generous maw—if he was not any of these things he must be intransigent, married. Or could he perhaps be one of those glittering Eastern rulers who contrive to take an incognito holiday from their riches and their dominions but could not, because of law and tradition, ever introduce Angelica into their courts?

Once or twice it was proposed that Angelica was exercising scruples because of her husband, but this seemed unlikely; the man was too dense to see beyond his marriage feasts of Indians and his courtship of birds.

Whoever the lover was whatever were the terms of their liaison, Angelica was plainly engaged upon a major passion whose momentum each summer was so forcefully recharged that it did not dwindle at all during the rest of the year. Now she began to be known not only as the most beautiful but as one of the most dynamic of women as well, and such was the general enthusiasm for her that she was credited with insights and ingenious benevolences that perhaps existed only in the infatuated imaginations of her clique.

How amazingly Angelica had changed! And how amazingly wrong they all were! For not changing had been her lifelong specialty, and she was the same as ever, only more so. Nevertheless, the sort of men who theretofore had cooled after their second meeting with her and had called her pedestrian or impervious or hollow now continued to fever and fruitlessly but breathlessly to pursue her. Often they truly fell in love with her and bitterly hated that anonymous fellow who had found the wellspring of her being.

Inevitably the news of her friends' speculations drifted back to her in hints and slips of the tongue. Angelica's humor had grown no more buxom with the passage of the years, and she was not amused at the enigma she had given birth to by immaculate conception. She took herself seriously. She was a good creature, a moral and polite woman, but she was hindered by unworldliness, and she was ashamed to be lying a fiction.

She was actually guilt-ridden because her summertime friend was not an Adonis from the Orient or a charming and ignorant workman but was, instead, Dr. Fleege-Althoff, a monstrous little man, with a flat head on which not one hair grew and with the visage of a thief—a narrow, feral nose, a pair of pale and shifty and omniscient eyes, a mouth that forever faintly smiled at some cryptic-wicked jest. There was no help for it, but she was ashamed all the same that it was pain and humiliation, not bliss and glorification, that kept her occupied during her annual retreat.

The fact was she earned her reputation and her undiminished applause and kept fresh the myth in which she moved by suffering the surface skin of her face to be placed away by a steel wire brush, electrically propelled; the

To page 37

THE END OF A CAREER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

drastic pain was sickening and it lasted long, and for days — sometimes weeks — after the operation she was so un- slightly that her looking-glass, which, morbidly, she could not resist, broke her heart.

She lay on a chaise in a darkened bedroom of that quiet, discreet sanatorium, waiting, counting the hours until the scabs that encrusted her flemish skin should disappear. But even when this dreadful mask was gone, she was still hideous, and her eyes and her mouth, alone un- touched, seemed to reproach her when she confronted her reflection, as red and shining as if she had been boiled almost to death.

Eight weeks later, though, she was as beautiful as she had been at her zenith, and the doctor, that ugly man, did not fail, in bidding her goodbye, to accord himself only a fraction of the credit and assign the rest to her birthright.

Once, he had made her shiver when, giving her the grin of a gargoyle, he said, "What a face! Flower of the world! Of all my patients, you are the one I do not like to flail." Flail! The word almost made her retch, and she envisioned him lashing her with little metal whips, and smiling.

DURING the time she was at the sanatorium (a tasteful and pleasant place, but a far cry from the pastoral bower her friends imagined), she communicated with no one except her maid and with the staff, who knew her, as they knew all the other ladies, by an alias. She called herself Mrs. London, and she said she came from California.

It was a long and trying time. Angelica had always read with difficulty and without much pleasure, and she inevitably brought with her the wrong books, in the hope, which she should long since have abandoned, that she might improve her mind; she could not pay attention to Proust, she was baffled by the Russians, and poetry caused her despair.

So, for two and a half months, she worked at needle-point and played a good deal of solitaire and talked to Dora, who was the only confidante she had ever had, and really the only friend.

Sometimes Angelica, un- bearably sad that she had been obliged to tread a straight-and-narrow path with not a primrose on it, would sigh and nearly cry, and say, "What have I done with my life?" And Dora, assistant

guardian of the wonder, would reply, "You have worked hard, Madame. Being beautiful is no easy matter." This woman was highly paid, but she was a kind woman, too, and she meant what she said.

It was Angelica's hands that at last, inexorably, began to tell the time. It seemed to her that their transfiguration came over- night, but, of course, what came overnight was her realisation that the veins had grown too vivid and that here and there had appeared pale freckles, which darkened and broadened and multiplied; the skin was still silken and ivory, but it lay too loosely on her fingers. That year, when she got to the sanatorium, she was in great dis- tress, but she had confidence in her doctor.

Dr. Fleege-Althoff, how-

training that hung on the walls. The doctor's fatigue gave him an air of melancholy that humanised him, despite his derisive voice, and momen- tarily Angelica pitied him in his ineluctable ugliness. Still, he was no more solitary in his hemisphere than she was in hers, and quickly she slipped away from her consideration of him to her own woe.

"But even if I weren't married, how could I find a lover at my age?" she cried.

He shook his head wearily and said, "Like most of your countrywomen, you confound youth with value, with beauty, with courage—with every- thing. To you, youth and age are at the two poles, one positive, the other negative. I cannot tell you what to do. I am only an engineer—I am not the inventor of female beauty. I am a plastic surgeon—no more! All you can do now is cover your imper-

scurely disgraced and ashamed, as if she had com- mitted a breach of faith, had broken a sacred trust, and could not expect anything but public dishonor. She had never been a happy woman, but until now she had been too diligent to be unhappy; the experience of unhappi- ness for the first time when one is growing old is one of the most malignant diseases of the heart. Poor soul!

Often, when the doctor had finished his rounds, he took Angelica driving in the pretty countryside; she was veiled against the ravages of the sun and, he observed, she wore gloves. As they drove, he talked to her and en- deavored to persuade her that for each of the cruci- fixions of life there is a solace. Sometimes she seemed to believe him.

Sometimes, believing him, she took heart simply through the look of the trees and the feel of the air, but when they had returned to the sanatorium and the sun had gone down and she was alone with her crumpled hands and her com- passionate but helpless maid she could not remember any of the reasons for being alive.

You might think that she would have taken to drink or to drugs, but she went on in her dogtrot way, taking care of her looks, remember- ing how drink hardens the skin and how drugs etiolate it.

That year, when Angelica arrived in Paris on her way back to New York, she was dealt an adventitious but crip- pling blow of mischance from which she never really recov- ered. She had arrived in mid- afternoon, and the lift in her hotel was crowded. She had been one of the first to enter the car and she was standing at the back. At the front, separated from her by ten people or more, were two young men who had been standing in the lobby when she came into the hotel.

They were Americans, a little drunk, and one of them said to the other, "She must have been sixty—why, she could have been seventy!" His companion replied, "Twenty-eight. Thirty at the most." His friend said, "You didn't see her hands when she took off her gloves to register. They were old, I tell you. You can always tell by the hands."

Luckily for Angelica the cruel, green boys got off first; as she rode up the remaining way to her floor she felt dizzy and hot. She walked down the corridor to her room jerkily; all her resilience was gone.

Immediately, she telephoned the steamship line and booked the first passage home she could get. For two days, until the boat sailed, she lay motion- less on her bed with the cur- tains drawn or she paced the floor or she sat and stared at her culprit hands. She saw no one and she spoke to no one except Dora, who told all the friends who called that her mistress was ill.

When these friends returned from Europe in the autumn, and others from the country, they learned to their distress and puzzlement that Angelica was not going out at all, nor was she receiving anyone. The fiction of her illness, begun in Paris, gained documentation and became fact, until at last no one was in doubt: she had cancer, far too advanced for cure; they assumed she was attended by nurses. Poor darling, they said, to have her love affair end this way!

They showered her with roses, telephoning their florists before they went out to lunch; they wrote her tactful notes of sympathy, and it was through reading these that she guessed what they thought was the reason for her retire- ment.

***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Dec. 28

- ARIES**
MAR. 21-APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, black, green.
* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, navy, rose.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, orange, tan.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, red.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sat.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, green, blue.
* Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, red, yellow.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, grey, blue.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, blue, brown.
* Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, green.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, black, green.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
- * The 29th-30th is fine for romance, but the 28th sounds a jarring note in an otherwise happy week. Be careful near water. The 30th and January 2 are lucky indeed.
- * Your ruling star makes some interestingly happy contacts. It's a wonderful time for a cruise and holiday romance. However, the 28th is a danger date. Cupid—and friends—could go haywire.
- * It should be a happy New Year week, when the love star plays a leading role. It's great for friend- ship and for orange blossoms, except the 28th—a date for care and caution.
- * The 28th is an edgy, upsetting day when erratic reflexes could lead to travel mishaps. Otherwise a week of festive frolic with the love star ushering in the New Year, providing romance, peace.
- * Romance and finances could get snarled up on the 28th, the only nasty patch in what should be an out-of-this-world holiday week. There is romance galore and luck in store.
- * Although there are good in- fluences, rate the 28th as tense and unpredictable, particularly for marriage and personal mat- ters. For the rest, a peaceful, gala week of fun and relaxation.
- * Rate the 28th as an erratic, dangerous day for travel, then throw yourself into a week of festive and care-free fun. Venus herself ushers in 1967 and ensures a pleasant time for all.
- * This week holds more glamor for you than most, and offers you and loved ones a time of fun and gaiety, especially January 2. How- ever, use caution, 28th, which is allergic to finances.
- * You'll have to watch getting on target verbally on the 28th. Just zip the lip and hurl yourself zest- fully into a peaceful and happy vacation week, tailor-made for your entertainment.
- * The 28th is a blow-hot, blow- cold day, to be regarded as ad- verse. However, a happy holiday week is in store, when even your serious mind can relax and revel under Venus' special auspices.
- * The 28th is just plain unlucky, but the zodiac compensates with a carefree, fun-filled week. You can relax, enjoy new friendships, feel at peace with the world—perhaps write a sonnet.
- * The stars get spiteful and rum- bunctious 28th, but afterwards the goddess of peace composes the planets in a week of holiday reveling, giving you also happy news from some loved ones.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



ever, though he was sincerely sorry, told her there was nothing he could do. Hands and legs, he said, could not be benefited by the waters of the fountain of youth. Sar- donically, he recommended gloves, and, taking him liter- ally, she was aghast. How could one wear gloves at a dinner table? What could be more parvenu, more telltale, than to lunch in gloves at a restaurant?

The doctor, nasty as he was, was wise, and in his unkind wisdom, accumulated through a lifetime of dealing with appearances, said, "For- give my waggery. I'm tired today. Go get yourself loved, Mrs. London. I've dealt with women so many years that I can tell which of my patients have lovers or loving hus- bands and which have not—perhaps it will surprise you to know that very few of them have. Most have lost their men and come to me in the hope that the excision of crowsfeet will bring back the wanderers."

He was sitting at his desk, facing her, his glasses hugely magnifying his intelligent, bitter eyes. "There is an aesthetic principle," he pur- sued, "that says beauty is the objectification of love. To be loved is to be beautiful, but to be beautiful is not neces- sarily to be loved. Imagine that, Mrs. London! Go and find a lover and obfuscate his senses; give him a pair of rose-colored glasses and he'll see your hands as superb— or, even better, he won't see your hands at all. Get loved by somebody—it doesn't matter who—and you'll get well."

"Get well?" said Angelica, amazed. "Am I ill?" "If you are not ill, why have you come to me? I am a doctor," he said, and with a sigh he gestured toward the testimonials of his medical

fections with amour-propre. You are a greedy woman, Mrs. London—a few spots appear on your hands and you say, 'This is the end.' What egotism!"

Angelica understood none of this, and her innocent and humble mind went round and round amongst his paradoxes, so savagely delivered. How could she achieve amour-propre when what she had most respected in herself was now irretrievably lost? And if she had not amour-propre, how could she possibly find anyone else to love her? Were not these the things she should have been told when she was a girl growing up? Why had no one warned her to lay up a store of good things against the famine of old age?

Now, too late, she wrung her old-woman hands, and from the bottom of her simple heart she lamented, weeping and caring nothing that her famous eyes were smeared and their lids swollen.

At last the doctor took pity on her. He came around to her side of the desk and put his hands kindly on her shaking shoulders. "Come, Mrs. London, life's not over," he said. "I've scheduled your planing for tomorrow morn- ing at nine. Will you go through with it or do you want to cancel?"

She told him, through her tears, that she would go through with the operation, and he congratulated her.

"You'll rise from these depths," he said. "You'll learn that there are substan- tial rewards in age."

That summer, Dr. Fleege-Althoff, who had grave prob- lems of his own (he had a nagging wife; his only child, a son, was schizophrenic) and whose understanding was deep, did what he could to lighten Angelica's depression. He found that she felt ob-

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End Dry Skin

There's nothing lovelier than a satin smooth skin that has been tanned by the summer sun to a golden bloom, but take care that the skin's natural fluids have not been depleted by expo- sure to sunshine and warm, drying breezes. Before making-up, stroke a film of tropical moist oil of Ulan over your face and neck to maintain the oil and mois- ture balance of the skin cells. This beautifying Ulan oil will nourish skin tissues and banish every trace of wrinkle-dryness.

Margaret Merrill

JANUARY in the garden

By ALLAN SEALE

DURING January, nursery stores will have a wide range of late winter- and spring-flowering bulbs, but it's too early to plant yet.

For most districts, the best time is during March and April, but you can select your bulbs and store them away from extremes of temperature (under the house or in a cool cupboard).

Storage temperatures are particularly important to tulips. Keep them until about April, protected from above 70deg., and they can be planted to flower successfully even in the hottest parts of Australia. Don't refrigerate them until about three weeks before planting.

Buds of summer-flowering bulbs such as belladonnas and early nérines will soon be appearing. Remove any untidy, dead foliage around them, or cover it with an inch layer of leafmould.

As these bulbs are relatively dormant while flowering, they can be moved now, or after flowering, before leaves appear.

SCALE PESTS

Citrus, gardenias, holly, some pittosporums, and other ornamentals in many coastal districts frequently suffer attacks of white wax scale. Spray now when the fry or new generation of the scale emerges and remains for a few weeks on the foliage unprotected.

Later it moves down to the stem and secretes a waxy covering which sprays don't easily penetrate.

Use white oil—4 tablespoons to a gallon of water. First evenly mix equal quantities with water, then add the balance of the water.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 70



● Sweet corn, Golden Cross Bantam, and silver beet, Fordhook Giant (lower right), growing at Yates Trial Grounds, Castle Hill, N.S.W.

Black sooty mould can occur with the scale, as the fungus responsible lives on the sugary secretion from the scale, so sooty mould and scale exit together.

ANNUALS

Petunias now past their prime will flower again if cut back to about half their height. Give one application of liquid manure to stimulate growth, then let them fend for themselves.

Where early annuals are finishing, plant quick-flowering dwarf phlox or Petite Marigold, or for taller color use zinnias such as Dwarf Coquette, Persian Carpet, or Linearis, taller marigolds or cosmos. These can be sown direct where they are to flower, or transplanted.

There is still plenty of time to plan for spring color, but a few lines, sown early, will flower during winter months and continue on into the spring. These are the four Ps—poppies, primula, pansy (including viola), and polyanthus.

Polyanthus especially should be started early if good, solid clumps are expected. I have success planting them in small plastic trays of seed-raising mixture.

Have the mixture moist, lightly scatter the seed, preferably in rows, and press it gently into the surface. Then slide the trays into a large plastic bag, clamp the opening, and keep shaded. This maintains a damp, cool atmosphere, and keeps out slugs and other pests.

Polyanthus seed takes up to four weeks to germinate. When the first shoots appear, remove containers from the plastic and harden them to a little more light.

When large enough, carefully lift the first batch into another container, disturbing the soil as little as possible. Water occasionally with complete liquid manure.

Stock seeds for early winter flowering can go in now, but if for a spring display sow in March. This applies also to sweet-pea, nemesis, wallflower, etc. Later sowings are easier, and in most districts more satisfactory.

ROSES

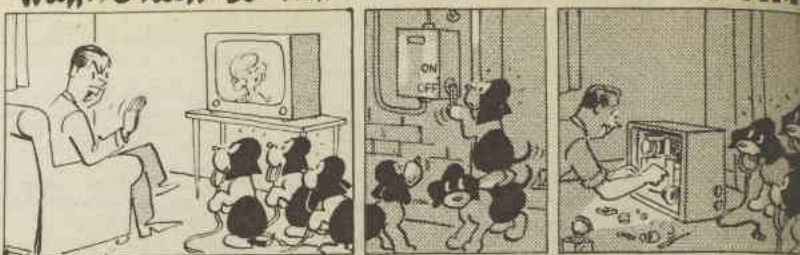
Prune back old flower stems on roses to just above an outward-pointing bud. Cut about 1/2 in. above this bud or eye.

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Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



THE END OF A CAREER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

The maisonette seemed huge to her, and full of echoes; for the first time since she had married, she began to think about her husband and, though he was a stranger, to long for his return. Perhaps he could become the saviour Fleege-Althoff had told her to seek. But she was not strong enough to wait for him. The drawing-room was still in its summer shrouds; the dining-room was closed. At first, she dined in the library and then she began to have dinner in her bedroom, sitting before the fire.

Soon after this she started keeping to her bedroom and, at last, to her bed, never rising from it except for her twice-daily ritualistic baths. Her nightdresses and bedjackets were made by the dressmaker she had always used to supplement her Paris wardrobe; she wore her jewels for the eyes of her maid and her masquerade — but she never adorned her hands.

AND, as if she were dying in the way they thought, she wrote brave letters to her friends, and sometimes, when her loneliness became unbearable, she telephoned them and inquired in the voice of an invalid about their parties and about the theatre, though she did not want to hear, but she refused all their kind invitations to visit, and she rang off saying, "Do keep in touch."

For a while they did keep in touch, and then the flowers came less and less often and her mail dwindled away. Her panic gave way to inertia. If she had been able to rise from her bed she would have run crying to them, saying, "I was faithful to your conception of me for all those years. Now take pity on me—reward me for my singleness of purpose."

They would have been quick to console her and to laugh away her sense of failure. (She could all but hear them saying, "But, my dear, how absurd! Look at your figure! Look at your face and your hair! What on earth do you mean by killing yourself simply because of your hands?") But she had not the strength to go to them and receive their mercy.

Angela began to sleep. She slept all night and all day, like a cat. Dreams became her companions and sleep became her food. She ate very little, but she did not waste away, although she was weakened.

She could not keep her mind on anything. The simplest words in the simplest book bewildered her, and she let her eyes wander drowsily from the page; before she could close the book she was asleep.

Just before Christmas, the drunken aunt, Angelica's only relative, came back to town after a lengthy visit to California. The first evening she was back, she dined with friends and learned from them of her niece's illness; she was shocked into sobriety and bitterly excoriated herself for being so lazy that she had not bothered to write.

She telephoned the doctor who had taken care of Angelica all her life and surprised him by repeating what she had heard—that the affliction had been diagnosed as cancer. At first, the doctor was offended that he had not been called in, and then, on second thought, he was suspicious, and he urged the aunt to go around as soon as she could and report to him.

The aunt did not warn Angelica that she was coming. She arrived late the next afternoon, with flowers and champagne and, by ill chance, a handsome pair of crocheted gloves she had picked up in San Francisco. She brought, as well, a bottle of scotch, for her own amusement.

The aunt, by nature a jovial woman—she drank for the fun of it—was oppressed by the gloom and went so quickly through the shadowy foyer and so quickly up the stairs that she was out of breath when she got to the door of Angelica's room. Dora, who had come more and more to have the deportment of a nurse, opened the door with nurse-like gentleness and, seeing that her patient was, for a change, awake, said with nurse-like cheer, "You have company, Madame! Just look at what Mrs. Armstrong has brought!" She took the flowers to put in water and the champagne to put on ice, and silently left the room.

The moment Angelica saw her aunt, she burst into tears and held out her arms like a child, to be embraced, and Mrs. Armstrong began also to cry, holding the unhappy younger woman in her arms. When the hurricane was spent and the ladies had regained their voices, the aunt said, "You must tell me the whole story, my pet, but before you do, you must give me a drink and open your present. I do pray you're going to like them—they are so much you."

Angela rang for glasses

and ice, for the scotch, and then she undid the ribbon around the long box. When she saw what was inside, all the blood left her face. "Get out!" she said to her aunt, full of hatred. "Is that who you came — to taunt me?"

Amazed, Mrs. Armstrong met her niece's angry gaze. "I taunt you?" she cried. "Why, darling, are you out of your mind? If you don't like the gloves, I'll give them to someone else, but don't—"

"Yes, do that! Give them to some young beautiful girl whose hands don't need to be hidden." And she flung the box and the gloves to the floor in an infantile fury and wept again, heartbrokenly.

By the end of the afternoon, Mrs. Armstrong's heart was also broken. She did manage, with taste and tact, aided by a good deal of whisky, to ferret out the whole story, and, as she said to her dinner companion later on, it was unquestionably the saddest she had ever heard. She blamed herself for her obstinacy and she blamed Major Early for his, and, to a lesser extent, she blamed Angelica's friends for never realising that they, with their constant and superlative praise of her looks, had added to her burden, had forced her into so conventional a life that she had been removed from most of experience.

"The child has no memories!" exclaimed Mrs. Armstrong, appalled. "She would not know danger if she met it head on, and she certainly wouldn't know joy. We virtually said to her, 'Don't tire your pretty eyes with looking at anything, don't let emotion harm a hair of your lovely head.' We simply worshipped and said, 'Let us look at you, but don't you look at us, for we are toads.' The ghastly thing is that there's nothing to be salvaged, and if some miracle of surgery could restore her hands to her, it would do no good, for her disillusion is complete. I think if she could love anyone, if that talent were suddenly to come to her, she would love her ugly man in Normandy, and would love him because he was ugly."

When Angelica had apologised to her aunt for her tantrum over the gloves, she had then got out of bed and retrieved them and, in the course of her soliloquy, had put them on and had constantly smoothed them over each finger as she talked.

She was still wearing the gloves when Dora came in to run her evening bath and found that her heart, pant mending, had stopped.

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



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2123. — Boy's tailored shorts and short-sleeved sports shirt. Pattern also includes dress shirt with button-down collar and long band-cuffed sleeves, and long tailored pants with turned-back cuffs. Sizes 4 to 14 (23, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest). Price 50 cents includes postage.



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MANORAKE THE MAGICIAN

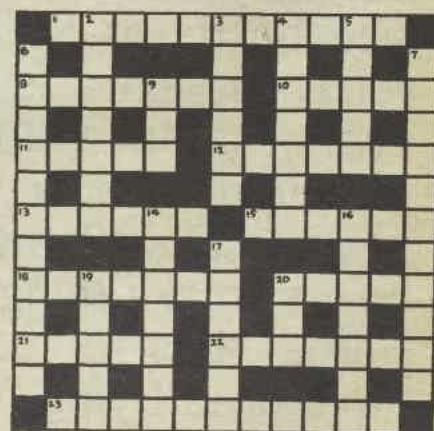
NARDA'S plane is held up—two miles above the ocean—by the astro-pirates, who demand her necklace and a case of jewellery from one of the passengers, Mr. Marks. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- As girls toss for marginal explanation writers (11).
- In a pole (anagr., 7).
- A man of this is of no substance (5).
- Elicit the cud when turned in ease (5).
- Walk with shuffling ungainly gait of she lamb (7).
- Outwardly pale military daily password (6).
- An article 5 down (6).
- Set up in an animal's compartment (7).
- Thick rope of wire or hemp (5).
- Correct with its end where it belongs (5).
- Not free from moisture (7).
- The cash girl has a lamp with concentrated beam that can be turned in any direction (11).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Member of a union for mutual advantage (7).
- Stewed bears are not ferocious as the butcher sells them (11).
- Water under 32 degrees Fahrenheit (3).
- He swam the Hellespont to visit Hero (7).
- This is trash (7).
- A ravine (6).
- Reset a cubic metre (5).
- Large sea fish (3).



Solution of last week's crossword.



If you want him to have the best in life, give him Schweppes.



This is a close-up of "Schweppervescence."



This is Schweppes Lime.

Why complicate your life?

What goes for Tonic and Soda and Dry Ginger Ale should go for soft drinks, too.

Why buy Schweppes for yourself and your husband, and some other brand for the kids?

You think Schweppes soft drinks cost too much?

No, they don't. Even on a big family size bottle of Schweppes, the most you'll pay extra is one cent. (And not even that in some areas.)

And you'll know you're getting the best, because Schweppes don't know how to make things any other way.

Same goes for cordials. Schweppes have been trying for 100 years to find something better than real fruit from which to make cordials.

We're still using real fruit.



Of course he's the only one smiling. He's the only one drinking Schweppes.

Schweppes

If they can pronounce Schweppes, they deserve it.

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